JOHN BULL
VOL. LXX 1851
3D EVERY THURSDAY

WHAT'S IN GERMANY'S MIND? by A. G. G.

THE ARMY GETS ITS WINGS

SHOOT WITH FACTS by the EDITOR

The Cup that Cheers—

Strengthens Nerves *and ensures* Restorative Sleep

IT is wonderful what a difference 'Ovaltine' can make to your outlook on life. This delicious food beverage will build up the health and fitness which keep you cheerful and confident. Moreover, a cup of 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will help you to enjoy regular nights of natural, energy-creating sleep.

Prepared from the finest of Nature's foods, 'Ovaltine' provides the nutritive elements required to build up body, brain and nerves to the highest level of efficiency.

Long experience in countless thousands of homes throughout the world has demonstrated the exceptional restorative properties of 'Ovaltine.' These properties are due to the nature and high quality of its constituents and the exclusive scientific methods of manufacture. Obviously no food beverage can be fully restoring unless this property is derived from its ingredients.

For these reasons make 'Ovaltine' your regular daytime and bedtime beverage. It is quickly and easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. Note also that 'Ovaltine' is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary.

Moreover, 'Ovaltine' has always had the advantage of being most economical in use, and this is now emphasized as 'Ovaltine' is still available at pre-war prices: 1/1d., 1/10d. and 3/3d.

Drink delicious **Ovaltine**

The Restorative Food Beverage

OVALTINE TABLETS

'Ovaltine' Tablets contain the energising and sustaining elements of 'Ovaltine.' Carry an emergency supply in your pocket or handbag. In two sizes, 1/3d. and 4d.

P495A

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
gives you an extra supply of
Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

Finest of all tonic conditioners for dogs of all breeds, all ages, is Benbow's—never more needed than today. Given once or twice a week it will keep your dog fit and well and will add to his war-time diet the vitamins essential to his health. Leading kennels all over the world have used Benbow's for 106 years.

At Chemists and Corn Merchants.

Proprietors:—
BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO., LTD.,
26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

BENBOW'S
DOG MIXTURE

Hats off to Housewives

THEY FIND THE NEW WASHING METHOD THAT SAVES THE COUNTRY'S COAL AND GAS

ONE of the things that eats up domestic fuel is washing. When the copper's lit, quite a lot of extra coal or gas is used up. And why? Just because some women still believe that the old custom of boiling clothes is necessary to get them white.

Boiling gets the go-by

It isn't, of course. And crowds of women, who in the interests of fuel economy have given up boiling the wash, now say they'll never go back to this tedious old-fashioned method again.

How they do the wash now is this. A good lather is made with Rinso and the hot water as it comes from the tap. The clothes are then put to soak—for 12 minutes. In very dirty places a little Rinso is smoothed on to form a paste before the things are soaked.

Almost a rest cure

Easy? Yes, of course it is. It makes washing almost a rest cure. And you can get the things out on the line a good one and a half hours earlier than you normally would.

The fuel saving, of course, is immense. You don't need a single extra lump of coal or a ha'porth of extra gas. You needn't light the copper. Just the hot water in your tap does the job.

Snow whiteness from whites

This Rinso washing method, women agree everywhere, gets the whites *snowy* white and the coloureds bright as paint.

If all the housewives in the country tried the no-boil washing method next Monday there'd be so much coal saved for the factories that the munition output would positively sky-rocket!

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

B3124-760 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

'FAMILY HEALTH' comes first!

A minute before every meal, before going to bed and whenever you come in—not long to spend insuring yourself and your family against infection! And that's what Family Health does every time you use it. Its antiseptic lather minimizes the danger from germs in dirt—saves you from carrying infection on your hands.

First Aid Tips from the Family Health Warden

FRESH AIR *Give an injured person all the fresh air possible. Don't allow people to crowd round.*

KH 72-96-65 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

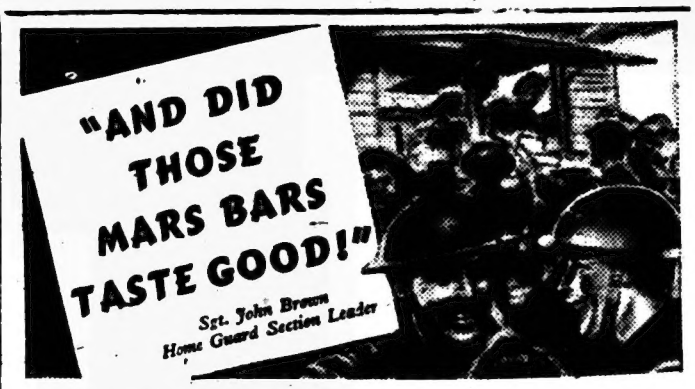
WAR WORKERS FIRST

After a long shift— MUST HE WAIT to get on a bus?

You who can choose your time for travel—give a thought to those who *must* travel at fixed times to and from their essential jobs. If *you* board a bus, a tram or a train during the rush hours, some war worker may get left.

TRAVEL BETWEEN 10 & 4
and dont crowd out the War Workers!

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport and Ministry of Labour and National Service



"Field operations with the Home Guard can be pretty exhausting, take it from me. After a three or four hours' spell, one's energy may well begin to flag. The other Sunday, for instance, the men in my Section were all a bit whacked, when a little mobile canteen drew up outside the post selling MARS bars. In a flash the fellows had just swarmed around it. And did those MARS bars taste good! But it was the effect that was so extraordinary. Every man jack of us seemed to take on a new lease of energy and cheerfulness."

Each bar of MARS still contains just those vital calories—the fuel element of food—we need; still possesses that unique flavour and delicious malted centre, *but* Mars Bars are now rationed. Therefore when you come across any, ask yourself: am I one of the people who needs the energy they supply? . . . and act accordingly.

COMPARE THE FOOD VALUE YOU GET FOR 2½d.

FOOD	CALORIES FOR 2½d.
EGGS	64
MILK	190
BEEF	131
Mars	270

Mars
GRAND FOOD GRAND FLAVOUR! 2½d.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 6, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

TAX-DODGING

Sir Kingsley Wood should jamb on his thinking-cap tightly and quickly.

Many large fish are slipping through his income-tax net, just because there is a very large hole in it.

He refuses to tax capital profits. So big investors are increasing their capital by gambling on the Stock Exchange in a big way.

They have pushed up one group of shares after another.

From industrials, gold-mines, oils, rubbers, shipping, breweries, railways and foreign bonds they have now come back to industrials again.

Some shares have risen from 2s. 6d. to 15s. 6d., from 1s. 3d. to 7s. 3d., from 25s. to 47s., from 7s to 32s.—and so we could go on for a long time.

Anyone putting £100 into such shares at their lowest prices this year would now have £280—a tax-free profit of nearly 200 per cent.

Multiply that fifty or a hundred times and you have an idea of what wealthy speculators have been making.

JOHN BULL has an idea that Sir Kingsley should stop it.

Straight from the Shoulder

TOUGH FIGHT

LET us be honest about Libya.

It has been and is still a bitter struggle.

Impartial observers expected that it would be. JOHN BULL warned you that the enemy would prove tough.

But was that the view of our military authorities? Were the strength and strategy of our opponents underrated?

Optimum Optimism

We do not pretend to know the answer. Neither do we demand it.

But once again we are depressed by the complacency of our military spokesmen and dismayed by the smugness in high places.

Going Strong

Two days after the campaign began, London announced that "the battle is going fine."

Another two days passed and Rommel's position was said to be "grave," while headquarters in Cairo assured us that the climax would be reached within a few hours.

But after another two days it had to admit that we were bringing up our reserves.

Change of Mind

First it was said that half the enemy tanks had been wiped out. Later, that figure was airily changed to one-third.

Such mental somersaults do not increase public confidence in our military spokesmen. On the contrary.

No Inquest

An "inquest" would obviously be undesirable. But we must be sure that never, in any operation, will the technical skill and determined vigour of the enemy be disdained.

We should expect him to show superb strategy and cunning tactics. We must realise that his armour is strong; we should not expect our light, fast tanks to be more than a match for his powerful, medium tanks.

Hitler's Pet

Similarly, we cannot hope to decide the fate of Libya in a few days.

General Rommel has at least 750,000 men. As Hitler's favourite, he can count on receiving heavy reinforcements.

True, the British Navy intercepts many of them. However (as JOHN BULL remarked recently), many more slip through.

The Winning Side

So we have a mighty big job on our hands. It will not be made easier by the shallow pratings of our military spokesmen.

We have the satisfaction that our troops and airmen are fighting magnificently, and that they have the invaluable support of the Navy.

And we shall succeed. We *must* succeed, for we shall spare nothing to gain control of that long coastline that is absolutely vital to our cause.

New Sectors

At the same time, we need prepare for other operations along our World Front.

It would be folly to waste even a moment in the training of our Army and its equipment for battle.

Unfortunately, we are still wasting many moments.

Cease Work

An example reported to us concerns a great depot where tanks are repaired and modified.

We are told that at least once a month the men are ordered to stop their important work, lock up their tools, and wield brooms and dusters to "tidy up" for the visit of a War Office representative.

Recently, General Sir Alan Brooke was due to arrive at the depot.

Special Station

This, according to the workers' spokesman, is what happened:

The whole of the goods siding was cleared to enable his special train to travel straight to the centre of the depot.

A landing stage was constructed for his benefit. And, though it was an exceptionally busy period, thousands of workers found their job held up.

The Army Way

We are sure Sir Alan would have disapproved had he known the facts. But we are not sure that the incident is an extreme example of the delay in preparing the Army for action.

Again, is the Army taking all its opportunities of immediate action? Is it doing all it could to harass the enemy?

Sir Roger Keyes declares emphatically that it is not.

Shake-Up

The public, not being in possession of the full facts, cannot judge his complaint that initiative and boldness are stifled by official committees.

We shall not know until after the war why so many changes have recently been made in the high commands of all three Fighting Forces. We can but hope they will be the prelude to great endeavours.

Bomb Hard!

In the air, a Minister assures us, Germany is encircled

One arm of the pincer operates from this island, the other from Russia.

But again we may wonder whether our home-based bomber crews are being used as much as they would like to be, even though we have lately resumed our night attacks on the Reich.

Destroy and Build

Nazi aircraft factories are striving to overcome the present inferiority of the *Luftwaffe*. They should be bombed to rubble and dust.

With increased activity we should need more replacements.

Therefore we should make certain that our aircraft industry is getting all it wants to give all that is needed.

Conscription

The workers of Britain will do all that the circumstances demand of them. The public will not demur at the new and sweeping plan for industrial conscription if it is discreetly applied.

As for the extension of military conscription, only this need be said:

Care should be taken not to denude complicated industries of *all* their keymen.

Bulk Buying

Diplomatically, too, we must be alert.

While Russia has been selling space to buy time, Japan has tried to buy time in order ultimately to increase her space.

Finland has been bought by Ribbentrop for 75,000 tons of flour—a third of what she wanted.

Vichy Villains

Vichy is being bought at the price of her prisoners-of-war.

If need be, Rommel's troops will try to retreat from Libya into French territory.

Bizerta would provide them with a strong base from which to defend Tunisia.

But we can have high hope that their retreat will be cut off by General Cunningham.

Old Oil Story

We are told the enemy is running short of oil. We have been told so far too often.

Last month, 127,740 barrels of petroleum products were shipped from the U.S.A. to Spain.

Of them, 40,000 contained high-grade oil for the *Luftwaffe*. Switzerland has borrowed 200 rail wagons to transport it to Germany.

No Olive Branch

Even Spanish olive oil is being converted into oil for our enemy's tanks.

Yet our Ministry of Economic Warfare seems to think that Germany should have run dry long ago.

Not Worth It

So away with complacency! Ignore the optimism in high places!

Pessimism is unjustified, gloom unwarranted.

But there is a middle course between optimism and pessimism—the wise course that engenders confidence because it is aware of both our advantages and dangers.

Growing Strength

JOHN BULL has no doubt of our final triumph.

Britain's power is steadily mounting. It will grow to an invincible crescendo as the enemy's strength is sapped.

But let our confidence be backed by all the energy, shrewdness, daring and vigilance of which we are capable, and which has made our nation great!

(Continued overleaf)

SOFT WAYS WITH HUMAN RATS

One of our "mosquito" boats, after helping to put an enemy destroyer's guns out of action, was capsized by a shell.

The crew clung to the keel—in the water up to their waist—for sixteen hours.

Three of them were wounded, but all were picked up in the morning and their boat was brought safely to port.

In it they left their clothes and savings (£14) while they went to a hostel to recover from their exhaustion. When they returned, all had been stolen.

That is one example of the pilfering now plaguing Britain.

Since JOHN BULL drew attention to this wave of petty crime, confirmation has come from witnesses in police courts up and down the land.

Unfortunately, many magistrates are still showing undue clemency to the human rats brought before them.

In our view, maximum sentences will alone deter the pilferers and suppress an evil that is fast growing to alarming proportions.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

VALUABLE lessons learned during the last war have been forgotten. That is revealed by a recent official report.

Chief lesson is that excessive working hours result in less production.

For example, a firm working a seven-day week soon found that production was falling. It changed to a five and a half day week. Output went up.

Facing-Both-Ways

JOHN BULL was the first to emphasise the danger of over-long hours. That was during the after-Dunkirk hustle.

Then medical experts said the same thing. Later, an M.P.s committee agreed. Now, the annual factory report tries to ram the facts home.

But now, also, some Ministers are again hinting at much longer hours for war workers!

So evidently our Highest Officialdom is a long way behind the times.

Plain Glasses

Fifteen months ago it told JOHN BULL: "If people don't give up their binoculars, we'll requisition them."

But at any race meeting you can still see crowds of young and old men sporting the glasses that our sailors need.

Selling the W.A.A.F.s

For quite as long, Officialdom has been trying to attract recruits to the W.A.A.F. by glamour appeals. It hasn't yet realised that the best advertisement for the Service would be a contented Service

The first month of a recruit's service is vital. If she finds that conditions are good, she will act as a recruiting officer to her friends on her first leave.

Unfortunately, conditions in some W.A.A.F. reception depots are highly discouraging.

Marriage Bar

Similarly, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" remains the maxim of some employment exchanges.

Answering the radio appeal for women workers, one woman reported at the exchange and explained that she had been a munition worker in the last war.

"Married women aren't required," said the pert young miss at the counter.

It's Typical

The caller thereupon insisted on seeing the manager. After hearing her qualifications for a machine job, he asked if she'd like to be a canteen cook!

When she declined, he instructed her to report at the exchange every week. Doing so for six weeks, she has become tired of wasting money on fares and has decided that her country doesn't need her.

Too Old at Thirty-Five

As for the call-up of older women, it probably won't become effective for years.

Why, a widow of thirty-five who volunteered at Bolton for war work was told that only women of twenty-one to twenty-five were wanted.

Why the Army!

Essex soldier's wife, asking the employment exchange for war work, said that her mother could mind her baby daughter.

The manager and a clerk assured her that, if she took work away from home, she would obtain an extra allowance for either her mother or the child.

Accepting a distant job, she has been refused the extra allowance, and told to ask the Army to increase the child's grant.

About Change!

In the same county, the Land Army is said to send girls trained for dairy work to vacancies for land workers, while girls who want to work in the fields arrive at a farm to find they are expected to do domestic work.

Just to larn them, presumably, that they're in the Army now.

Admiralty's Blind Eye

Is there a leak in the Admiralty? We ask because complaints have reached us from time to time concerning a shipbuilding firm that is alleged to be turning out inferior work.

Nobody inspects the work, we are informed.

Old School Tie

Here's something for the War Office to explain: A lad at Newport, Mon., has been a keen member of a cadet corps for two years.

Gaining the "A" certificate, he began to study hard for the "B," which would enable him to enter an officers' training unit.

But he and the other lads have just been informed that this examination is open only to undergraduates.

Long Spell

We also want to know why men in the Pioneer Corps are on fire-watch duty for five nights in succession, in addition to their daytime work.

Such conditions exist in camps in Scotland and Wales, but we doubt if they are authorised by Whitehall.

More About N.F.S.

Latest news of the gigantic Fred Karno's Brigade officially known as the N.F.S., is that one man, who hitherto has been a chauffeur at a London headquarters, has been promoted to column officer.

He has had no fire-fighting experience, it is said. So he'll start on a par with several other new fire officers.

Once, Twice—

An East Anglian man had his house damaged in an air raid last December. Having notified council and landlord, he has been waiting ever since for repairs to be effected.

The house has again been damaged, the council again notified.

Probably the repair squad will arrive just after it has been laid flat.

Current Problem

More perplexing is that "save electricity" appeal.

Many electricity companies still make you pay the minimum charges if you don't use a certain amount of current—in other words, they penalise you if you obey their request to save.

Ignorance

The Ministry of Supply asks everyone to save paper. But the Scottish Home Department is deaf.

Occupiers of business premises receive several copies of a closely printed form dealing with fire-watchers' expenses, though arrangements approved by local authorities make these forms unnecessary.

Unlike the elephant, officialdom never remembers.

On the Fire

At one railway station the staff burns up to half a hundredweight of waste paper a day.

Their overseer explains that no transport can be spared for salvage, and that, anyway, no instructions have been received from his divisional chief at Swindon.

Does it happen at every station?

All Clear

They read JOHN BULL in the Ministry of Food.

Recently we told of a returned evacuee whose food coupons were found to be marked off a fortnight in advance. Quickly came a courteous note from the Ministry to report to us an official investigation had been made and an emergency ration card issued to the child's parents.

So here is honourable mention for the Ministry of Food.

Milk Shortage

Now let us inform the Ministry that doctors are complaining bitterly to us of the milk rationing scheme.

They cannot give milk certificates to elderly and ailing folk, to people recovering from severe illnesses, and to others who need careful nursing, but are not actually suffering from one of the few "specified" diseases.

Where's the Egg

Doctors are also receiving certificates for patients who need extra eggs. But they do not yet know which diseases will qualify a patient for an egg—and, anyhow, divisional food offices say that the eggs won't be available!

New Tale of a Shoe

If it's any consolation, there's an even bigger muddle in Vichy France.

Fair example is the clothes rationing scheme there. Two used but wearable suits must be handed over to get permission to buy a new one.

For a pair of shoes, special application has to be made, the house officially inspected to make sure the owner hasn't a pair in hiding, and after a few months a voucher is issued to obtain either rope-soled shoes or slippers!

Falling Leaves

Let us next see what is happening in the land of Vichy's patron devil. Hitler is showering "Oak Leaves"—one of the highest Nazi decorations—on scores of airmen in an attempt to create new heroes.

But the *Luftwaffe* is still under a cloud. Nazi papers provide evidence that its original striking force has been wiped out.

The new *Luftwaffe* generation consists of youngsters who have not received the vigorous and scientific training of their predecessors, and who go into battle almost raw.

Exhausted

They are not to be despised on that account. If we allow the enemy a breathing-space they may again catch up with us.

But it is plain that Mr. Churchill had good reason for his reference to their difficulties.

Silent War

Ultimately, perhaps, equally serious difficulties will confront Hitler in the undeclared war being waged against him by the Catholic Church.

He dare not touch the bishops, but has persecuted thousands of the lower clergy.

You may not hear much of retaliation. But retaliation there is.

Fifteen Millions

Many of the priests still at liberty are quietly denouncing to their parishioners the Nazi neo-paganism, the spread of immorality, and the Nazi leaders who encourage it.

Germany's fifteen million Catholics are patient. But Hitler has not been wise in arousing their hostility.

Behind the News

- **Hidden behind meeting of pro-Axis countries was a Nazi plan to get increased food and other supplies, which are still far below estimates.**
- *Owing to R.A.F. and V army attacks on Nazi transport, perishables in coast districts and Balkans worth many millions of pounds have rotted away while waiting removal.*
- Soviet artillery has proved so deadly that Germans are forced to use withdrawn A.A. guns to ward off Russian tank attacks.
- **Losses in Russia have so lowered munition stocks in Germany that nerve-racked soldiers sent home from the front have to work at least six hours daily to make up the shortage.**
- *Nazi tank losses have been so great that not only replacements but the supply of good crews are worrying the High Command.*
- More than 75 per cent. of coupon goods are unobtainable outside big German cities.
- **Shortage of labour and early winter have ruined large areas of German market garden produce awaiting gathering.**
- *Discontent increases because many people now know that their leaders have food delicacies specially brought from neutral countries.*
- Casablanca is becoming a major Nazi base. Its staff of German officers, camouflaged as members of the Wiesbaden Armistice Commission, has been growing steadily.
- **Frantic speed-up in Nazi air training to make up the losses against Russia and Britain has resulted in a vast jump of the accident rate.**
- *Lest Britain tries to reconquer Crete, a whole Nazi Air Corps under Air General Geissler has been sent to defend it.*
- Italian rule of Greece and Yugoslavia is coming to an end. Worn-out Nazi troops withdrawn from Russia are sent to "take over" in the Balkans. Hitler thinks they will find it easy to shoot civilians after being shot at by the Russians.

Without Fear or Favour

By the Editor

SHOOT WITH FACTS!

OUR ideas of combat warfare had to be changed almost completely after the disaster in France.

Our conception of speeding-up effort and rallying American support now needs to be changed just as drastically.

And it need not take eighteen months of sweat and toil to do it.

It can be accomplished in a day.

All it amounts to is this: Let us fire salvoes of facts from the Home Front—stirring stories of victories in the factories, on the farms, in Civil Defence; a cheering bombardment from all the other batteries behind the Fighting Forces!

Our present ammunition is ineffective. We are merely bored by the constant reiteration of Government spokesmen that "the workers are in the front line" and "the destiny of humanity depends on the workers."

These shells have become so standardised that they go off—when they do go off—with a standardised fizzle.

They should be filled with real, inspiring facts rather than outworn truisms.

We should even take the risk occasionally of "imparting information to the enemy."

Journalists should be the gunners who, given the facts, could fire shells that would frighten him as much as they would hearten us to fresh effort.

We took such a risk the other day.

It was announced that a thousand goods wagons, required to take supplies to Russia, had been built by the Southern Railway workers in ten weeks instead of the peace-time period of twelve months.

That apparently harmless statement would convey quote a lot of information to the transport experts on the Nazi general staff.

And the information would be as depressing to them as it is encouraging to our Russian allies and the British men and women who worked night and day to make it possible.

The feat it described was magnificent. But it was not unique.

Every day, every night, achievements that border on the incredible are performed in our factories.

Every time a town endures a heavy air raid, epics of gallantry are enacted by our blue-overalled Civil Defenders.

Every season, miracles are gained on the farms.

But rarely is a communique issued from the Home Front. Countless victories pass unheeded, the heroes of bench and lathe remain unsung, the stalwarts of pick and plough are ignored.

Yet in them is a fount of propaganda without compare.

MR. GEORGE GIBSON, ex-chairman of the T.U.C., has told us on his return from the United States that we are wasting large sums on propaganda there—because the propaganda is ineffective.

"The American people," he declares, "want real information."

Like other people, they prefer news to dope. And what better news can we give them than graphic stories of the magnificent efforts of British workers?

We do not need ceaselessly to implore our American friends for aid. We can get far better results by telling them what we think of the aid they have already extended to us.

A few months ago, some American aircraft factories received a batch of gramophone records from London. These records, made by R.A.F. pilots, described how American aircraft stood the test of combat.

They were played during the lunch hour. And the workmen were so enthralled that they forgot to eat their sandwiches.

And they went back to their job to work with redoubled speed.

Such an excellent innovation should not remain an exception. It should become the rule.

It should lead to a drastic recasting of our ideas on propaganda. We need to learn that the best propaganda is news, and that the strongest appeals are facts.

Let us remember what a thrill ran through the country—and not only this country—when the Prime Minister let fall in one of his finest speeches a morsel of dramatic news.

He revealed that in the spurt after Dunkirk men and women toiled at their machines till they fell exhausted beside them; and then, after the briefest rest, resumed their dogged efforts to re-arm their country.

We shall remember them. But we should know also of the achievements, hardly less superb, that are still being wrought in workshops up and down the land.

And they should know how their sacrifices and their skill are enabling their brothers to batter the enemy on the seas, on the land and in the air.

There are still tens of thousands of our people who do not know how vital is their work.

They have never been told of the significance of their monotonous labours on some small component.

They should be told. Despite the apathy of managements or the jealousy of Ministers, they should both give and be given the facts that lie behind our victories on the battlefield.

Instead, they and all of us are told no more than that production must be increased.

Certainly it must! But defects in output are rarely due to slacking by the workers.

In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases they result from bad direction from the top, and from frustration due to bottlenecks in supplies.

SOMETIMES shortages of raw materials are inevitable. If so, the workers should be informed of the trouble and given a holiday rather than allow the whole factory to become demoralised.

Again, better organisation would often provide these men with other work. Mobile gangs of "shock workers" may well be the solution.

The people of Britain are not fools. It has not taken them two years of bitter endeavour to learn that the Fighting Forces cannot wage war without arms.

They are not unmindful of the shortcomings still to be made good. They are proud of the victories already won, in the skies over Britain, in the Atlantic wastes, and on the sands of far-off lands.

But there are victories, too, on the Home Front.

Let them be blazoned throughout Britain and in every land where free men and women admire our struggle for final triumph!

And Still You Spin Your Web of Poisonous Fascination

CALLING ALL CURS: IV

By Gerald Kersh

WHEN I saw you the other day, I asked myself whether it might not be I who was to blame for the evil you are bringing forth.

What I said to you in 1936, I said in bitter irony, and with a noticeably curled lip.

It was at a party . . . one of those pointless gatherings of ill-assorted strangers. It comes back like a scene in a silly film — the smoke, the spinning gramophone-record with its wavering triangle of reflected light; and you, remarkably blonde and beautiful, sitting next to me.

You talked. Your aim in life added up to this: *Take as much as you can snatch, and give nothing.* Every man you met was impressed by your beauty; so why not make capital out of it?

★ ★ ★

"Oh, certainly," I said. I was mocking you. "Take all, pay nothing. The law of life is—Grab! Only fools work. Only fools suffer.

"The wife and mother is tied for life, because she's silly enough to love her husband and children. Love gets you nowhere.

"A sensible girl like you, why, she could take away everything a man ever had, just with a smile and a broken promise."

And to my infinite astonishment you said: "You're right."

I remembered that when I saw you in the X—— Lounge the other evening.

Out of your face, pretty and bright-painted as a magazine-cover, your eyes watched coolly while your lips smiled warmly.

You had got hold of two soldiers from the Dominions. You were playing those men as an angler plays a salmon. There was already rivalry between them. Each was trying to outdo the other in generosity and courtesy.

This, of course, was what you wanted: it was costing them quite a lot.

You let each man think that he was the winner. When A looked away you smiled intimately at B; when B lit a cigarette, you pressed A's hand.

I heard you saying: "Look, it's quarter to eleven. Have you ever been to the S—— Club? We could dance there, and get a bottle of something if you liked. . . ."

★ ★ ★

They had made no secret of the fact that they had a supply of paper money in their pockets; they had been trying to make a big impression on you. To them, you represented gaiety, beauty, and life: you had spun a web of poisonous fascination round them

I caught your eye.

You recognised me, and winked, shrugging a scornful shoulder at the two men.

You didn't mean them to see that, but they noticed, and glared at me. They were your captives; one word would have started a fight . . . so I said nothing; and you led them away to the S—— Club, to pay £3 for a bottle of faked whisky.

I heard, next night, that the same two soldiers had come back to the X—— Lounge on the following morning, almost penniless. Somehow, between them, they had got through £11. And then you were gone. . . .

★ ★ ★

And so you proceed on your career of petty parasitism.

While decent men and women gather themselves for the greatest fight of all time, you, with your ambiguous winks and nods and seductive gestures, make money out of the loneliness and the hunger for feminine society that comes to men far from home in war time.

The law locks up the con-man who sells a worthless share certificate or a dud gold brick.

But you are a confidence-trickster in the love-racket—a snare, a delusion, a baited hook; giving nothing but false hopes and whispered promises; lying and plundering, and so disappearing.

And you are, technically, a "good girl"; and though you are a fraud of frauds, the law cannot touch you.

The pity of it!

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, M.P., Secretary, Dept. Overseas Trade

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for nothing. I find neither hope nor realism in your prediction that, after the war, competition in international trade will be fiercer than ever.

The Atlantic Charter pledges equal access for all States to the trade and raw materials of the world, together with improved social conditions. How will they be possible if we allow cut-throat competition?

Either you or the Prime Minister must be wrong. I prefer to back Mr. Churchill.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman F. HALL, Mayor of Buxton

YOUR WORSHIP,—Though you appeal to private citizens to surrender their iron railings, you aren't at all eager to hand over the railings round the Pavilion Gardens.

Oh dear no! It would do "tremendous harm to Buxton's reputation as a spa." It might hurt the town's prosperity. It would allow common people to get near the orchestra!

Now listen to me. I am disgusted by the selfishness of some "safety" towns. I think that cities which endured months of heavy bombing have a claim upon your precious prosperity.

And I might inform you that even the Royal Parks of London have dispensed with railings to help crush Hitlerism.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID MARCESSON, M.P., Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—You have made it plain more than once that men on active service should not have to polish their brasses and thus attract enemy attention.

And still I say that your instruction is being disregarded.

At one A.A. battery on the South Coast, the men have to polish the brass sights on the gun, white blanco the brake rope and ruin their equipment by too much "spit and polish."—JOHN BULL.

Councillor PATRICK MALONE, Birtley, Durham

DEAR SIR,—I wish you failure in your attempt to obtain a betting licence for a new dog track that would accommodate 5,000 people.

Labour and material should be devoted to war purposes. So should the money of the hundreds of people who, you say, travel every day from your district to dog tracks at Gateshead, Newcastle, Stanley, Durham, South Shields, Easington, and elsewhere.

They should be helping to pay for a few more tanks that our troops need.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. SINCLAIR, M.P., Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—I regard it as shameful that boys of the Air Training Corps are deprived of any compensation for injury sustained while flying.

I am amazed at the audacity that requires parents to sign away all rights to compensation before any cadet or N.C.O. is permitted to go up in an R.A.F. machine.

And I think you should decide that you can't have it both ways. If you want youths to train for future R.A.F. service, you should at least accept responsibility for any accident they sustain in that training.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. W. GARRETT, Chief Inspector of Factories

DEAR SIR,—Many, many unsuitable buildings have had to be taken over for war factories.

That can't be helped, I know. But why have they not been equipped with even the most elementary safety devices?

In premises that have only one staircase, there should be a fire escape. There should be more than one exit on the ground floor. Where inflammable material is handled, fire-fighting apparatus should be available.

Those are obvious necessities. Yet they are lacking in rotten old buildings where now the stuff of war is being made by hundreds of girls.

I do not blame the employers. I know that many of them are anxious to improve conditions, but are hampered by shortage of builders and building materials.

I do not blame you. I know you have too few inspectors to cope with the vast extension of your duties.

But I suggest you put the facts before Mr. Bevin, and I don't think we should then have to wait long for a remedy.

The remedy, after all, is not beyond our capabilities.

You should have all the inspectors you require. There are elderly men with industrial experience who are still idle, and who could be quickly trained for the job.

A pool of workmen and materials should be available to the employers whose factories are officially considered to need urgent improvement.

The rising accident rate in industry is a red light that we shall ignore at our peril.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. C. RUSSELL CORFIELD, Sunderland Municipal Hospital

DEAR DOCTOR,—As there is rarely any honour for a prophet in his own country, I doubt if Sunderland recalls with pride your plea for the establishment of mine canteens.

That was in 1932, and your suggestion met with derision. Now, at last, it has been found not only possible but desirable to send hot meals down the pit.

No doubt you share my hope that the scheme will soon be extended to the county in which it was first proposed.—JOHN BULL.

Lord SIMON, Lord Chancellor

MY LORD,—Shop after shop is being forced to close down owing to the restriction of supplies. The retailer loses not only the business he has striven to build up, but may not start another until the war is over.

That is his share in the nation's sacrifices. Yet more is demanded of him. He is still supposed to carry out the lease of his empty and useless shop!

The law should be amended so that the landlord is no longer the most favoured member of the community.—JOHN BULL.

THE SHERIFF, Glasgow

DEAR SIR,—I more than share your regret. I am indignant that you could not impose a longer sentence than three months' jail on a scoundrel who held up production in a munitions factory by stealing aluminium and bronze parts.

He made them into candlesticks, which he pawned for 6s. a pair.

For such near-sabotage he should be kept in pawn not for three months, but three years.—JOHN BULL.

THE MEMBERS, Bradford Parks Committee

GENTLEMEN,—How nice for you to be invited to stroll round the chrysanthemum displays in seven parks, have a good lunch at a well-known restaurant, and travel back and forth at public expense!

But unless the flowers are intended for Hitler's wreath, I'd rather your parks were growing onions.—JOHN BULL.

BRITISH COUNCIL, London

GENTLEMEN,—Just a few questions about the treatment of people evacuated from Gibraltar to London:

Are their meals adequate? Do they have to trudge through the wet to a hostel for meals? Are they not allowed to lock their rooms, and why must they have only bare boards in every room?

Now, I hope, you will make your own enquiries.—JOHN BULL.

URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL, Droylsden, near Manchester

GENTLEMEN,—Last June one of your citizens had his garden dug up so that your workmen could erect a shelter. As a result, he has not been able to cultivate his ground—but he is still awaiting the shelter.

After five weeks' delay, you have answered his letter of enquiry by telling him the Government has ordered all shelter-building to stop.

At that rate, I suppose it will take you years to decide what is to be done about his ruined garden.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

The Right of Vengeance

THE other day about fifty Italian prisoners of war arrived under escort at the farm of a friend of mine. They had come to do a ditching and draining job—and they did the job efficiently and cheerfully.

They were well-set-up fellows, healthy and, seemingly, content. They brought their own food—and they had some money.

When the farmer's daughter got for one of them a cheap English-Italian dictionary, the others pleaded with her to get copies for them, and produced the money on the spot.

These prisoners had no hatred of Britain or Britons. All they wanted was an end to the war, so that they might see their wives and families again.

Their job on the farm ended, they got up a collection for a war time charity fund and raised what was for them a considerable sum.

Men Crucified

I thought of the farmer and the Italians when I read that M. Molotov, Soviet Foreign Commissar, had sent to non-Axis Powers a Note protesting against Germany's barbaric treatment of Russian Army prisoners.

It was a recital of horror, torture, rape and murder before which the deeds of Torquemada, notorious Grand Inquisitor of Spain at the end of the fifteenth century, pale into stupid insignificance.

Men crucified, torn and quivering bodies writhing under red-hot irons and merciless bayonets, wounded tied to tanks and crushed to pulp. . . .

And on the other side is a picture of Italians working in English fields, their bodies well-clothed and well-nourished, their working week less arduous than millions of men and women toiling in our munition plants and steelworks and shipyards.

Many times since this war began there have been demands in this country for the application to Germany of the ancient Mosaic Law—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

When we suffered the full fury of night bombing we asked for reprisals against Nazi cities. Since then, industrial towns in the Reich have been battered by R.A.F. bombers, and the Germans have wilted under the terror which we knew.

Dominating Passion

Reprisals is an ugly word. So, in its way, is vengeance. It reveals, in blinding light, the frailty of mankind, the emotions that govern—sometimes warp—our minds.

But occasions arise when desire for vengeance is a terrifying, dominating passion—and such an occasion is the terrible account of Nazi atrocities.

I should hate to have within me the fires of revenge aflame in Russian minds and hearts. And yet, if I were a Russian, and my comrades were being mutilated and tortured, I should probably exult in killing, killing, killing until not a German soldier were alive on Soviet soil.

How can there be a human bridge, even the semblance of a contact, between the vile Sadism of the Nazi régime and the gentle humanity of a nation which feeds, houses, clothes and tends its prisoners as we do?

Let those fools who believe secretly in a negotiated peace seek to establish that bridge. While a Nazi killer and torturer in field grey is still at large, the bridge can never be built, nor the contact made.

★ A sky black with planes—*our* planes over *our* men. Hurricanes, Blenheims, Beaufighters, Lysanders, Tomahawks, Wellingtons, Fortresses, and so on. Type after type, filling the horizon, scores at a time, during every minute of daylight. And at nights ringing the heavens with the music of their engines . . .

The Army Gets its Wings

By CARL OLSSON

THAT is the outstanding thing, the new fact behind General Cunningham's thrust through Rommel's Axis forces in Cyrenaica and across the Libyan desert. And for the Germans—the shape of things to come.

For the first time in this war our tanks and infantry are assured of full air support, not merely in quantity (which has always been lacking); not merely in quality (which has always been there); but *now* in direction and plan.

By perfect co-ordination of the land and air arms, the Hun has swept across Europe from the Bay of Biscay to the gates of Moscow, from North Cape to the Mediterranean.

We have taken a long time to learn and profit by that lesson, but the progress of the Libyan campaign shows at least that we have learned well.

A year ago this week (on December 1, 1940), the Army Co-operation Command of the R.A.F. came into being.

Off they go!—"whistled up" by the control centre working with the ground forces

Under Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, who commanded the British Air Force in France, and who presumably learned a good deal about the Germans' methods between the break-through at Sedan and the glorious tragedy at Dunkirk, "Army Co-ops" has, in one short year, become a weapon fully capable of matching the enemy in this new technique of air-land warfare.

Barriers Broken Down

But Army Co-ops has done far more than turn out a great number of highly trained experts.

By its very existence it has done a great deal to break down the inter-Service barriers, the *separateness* of tactical and strategical planning which has done so much to impede our war effort.

The first fruits of the new idea can be discerned in these triumphant opening phases of the Libyan campaign.

To every major Army unit taking part in the operations has been assigned an Army Co-operation squadron of the R.A.F., under the direct control of the commander of that unit.

With every brigade commander is an air liaison officer.

Army Co-op. aircraft fulfil the primary functions of reconnaissance.

Their specially trained observers, usually Army men, comb the territory ahead of our advance, noting enemy movements—the direction, numbers and type of enemy forces—and reporting back by wireless to the Army unit's headquarters.

They take photographs of the terrain in front and of enemy dispositions, and, at mobile dark rooms attached to Army headquarters, have them developed, printed, interpreted, and in the hands of the commander within less than half an hour of landing back from their patrol.

The air liaison officers with every brigade are in touch with what is called the Air Army Control Centre, in which a senior R.A.F. and Army officer sit side by side over a detailed battle plan and are kept constantly in touch with the progress of operations.

"Whistling Them Up"

This centre (called A.A.C.C.) is in touch over a network with a whole chain of aerodromes far behind. Some are fighters, some various types of bombers, some "supply" aircraft, and so on.

We do not pretend to know how the system works in detail, but limiting our description to the features which make it such a vast improvement to all other campaigns in the war, it works something like this.

Let us suppose No. 1 Brigade is meeting a heavy enemy flank attack from forces crossing, say, a bridge on their right front, the brigade's air liaison officer can at once ask the control centre for the bridge to be destroyed.

Control decides on the number and types of bombers required, and can immediately "whistle them up" from the particular aerodrome.

The crews are "briefed" about weight of bombs and height of the attack by signal from the centre to their aerodrome, based on the information which is flowing in to the centre all the time.

Or an advance tank detachment runs out of fuel or ammunition. It radios headquarters, and the liaison officer again informs the Control Centre. So supply-dropping aircraft are sent over.

Or, again, a unit may be heavily strafed by enemy dive-bombers. Through its H.Q. and the Control Centre our fighters can be on their way in a matter of minutes.

All such operations might be described as "protective" liaison between the R.A.F. and the Army. But in this great new desert campaign the "offensive" collaboration between the two Services is equally speedy and complete.

Specialised Aircraft

Coningham has sat with Auchinleck and Cunningham throughout the planning and the time-table drafting of the battle scheme.

The long-range bombing plan of enemy bases by Fortresses and Wellingtons has been decided in consultation. But at the same time, and all the time (and this is new), Coningham from G.H.Q. is providing continual close support for the Army operations with specialised aircraft.

As our tanks and infantry move forward, cannon-equipped aircraft like Hurricanes and Beaufighters sweep far ahead, blasting the Axis tank and supply columns with armour-piercing and incendiary shells.

In "pockets" where enemy concentrations are surrounded by our forces, they are bombarded constantly by relays of high-level bombers like Wellingtons and Fortresses, and their sorties constantly assailed in low-level attacks by Blenheims and other aircraft.

Curtiss Tomahawks and the new Hurricane fighters hold the sky against Axis air opposition.

A Giant Weapon

But the point of all these operations is the hand-in-glove collaboration between R.A.F. and Army.

During the Battle of France, it will be remembered, the only air unit working closely with the B.E.F. was the relatively small force known as the Army Component

Running like a melancholy refrain through Lord Gort's despatches is the story of the gallant but hopelessly inadequate support given by that unit to our Army. And of his inability to counter the enemy, whose *Luftwaffe* and Army worked together as a single machine.

But those days and that sad story are now over and done with.

The R.A.F. will never be tied in leading strings to the Army as the *Luftwaffe* is with the Reichswehr.

But we have learned in bitterness that with full co-operation between the two arms of land and air we have a giant weapon, doubly strong, which in the days to come—and perhaps sooner than we think—will smash the Nazis once and for all.

And of that the Libyan attack is the first test and proof.

DON'T SINK BRITISH SHIPS!

"WHAT does one old newspaper matter?" asks the woman who uses her morning paper as fuel.

"How can one carton make any difference?" says the man who throws his cigarette packet away.

We'll answer those questions.

No less than 25,000 tons of British shipping has to be used to make up what those thoughtless people destroy.

Those ships have to come from North America along the most perilous sea-route in the world.

Brave men die, good ships sink, because it is a little bit of trouble to save paper for the salvage man.

Six German U-boat commanders only have proved as successful in torpedoing British ships as Mr., Mrs., Master and Miss It's-Too-Much-Trouble.

Now we don't want to risk that 25,000 tons of shipping and all those valuable lives.

We want them to take tanks, aeroplanes, food and other supplies to Russia.

They've either got to bring you paper to burn or help our brave allies to fight your battles as well as their own.

Which is it to be?

We know the answer. *You are not going to sink British ships!*

You will save this paper.

You will save *all* paper of which you are custodian.

And if you find any difficulty in getting your salvage collected, write and tell JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

A REAL TEST

● It is a very common, but rather dangerous, assumption that achievement is a sound test of ability.

It is not a sound test.

There are, for instance, many people who have no urge to be famous, no ambition to be rich, no desire to get anywhere.

There are plenty of people who just wish to be let alone, plenty of people who prefer happiness and contentment to anything the world can offer in exchange.

The world, in fact, is made up of all sorts of people, and it is not easy to find any kind of universal measure.

Nevertheless, there is one.

There is a real test, a well-nigh infallible test.

You see, almost anyone can measure up to the big things of life. There aren't many people who really fail in a crisis.

But there are plenty of people who can't measure up to the everyday irritations, the petty annoyances, the constant give and take, the endless monotonous detail that is really life.

The man who can do that is the really able man.

That is the real test of ability.

DECEMBER 6, 1941

WHAT'S IN GERMANY'S MIND?

Probably no-one over here really knows, but there are many things which make it possible for us to guess pretty accurately

Says A. G. GARDINER

HITLER'S peace offensive is damned from the start. Its birth pangs may well prove to be its death pangs.

The conference of the puppet quislings summoned with such magnificence to Berlin to renew the anti-comintern pact was designed to launch the peace move with a fanfare of trumpets that would shock the world with the spectacle of a united Europe setting out on a holy crusade against Bolshevism.

Under the influence of that shock "the warmongering nations," as Hitler calls them, might listen to his love-like proposals.

But the world is not shocked. It is only amused at the spectacle of Ribbentrop, with his puppets, "renewing" the pact which he tore up in Moscow two years ago when he signed his pact with Stalin.

And as for discussing peace proposals with Hitler, Mr. Churchill has said the final and unalterable word.

WITH THAT BLOODTHIRSTY MONSTER AND HIS GANG OF CRIMINALS WE DISCUSS NO TERMS EXCEPT UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

Those were our terms when we were alone and when our existence hung by a thread in the dark days of last year.

They are doubly our terms now when mighty allies are with us and our cause gathers momentum day by day.

* * *

But there was another motive behind the Berlin jamboree. That spectacle was intended for home as well as foreign consumption.

It was intended to inspire the German people. Hopes of peace were dangled before their disillusioned eyes.

The shadow army of quislings was assembled to give them confidence.

With what success? Let us enquire.

And first let it be admitted that we do not know. We can only guess. What is going on in the mind of Germany in these days is a sealed book to us.

But certain things are beyond question. Goebbels may lie his hardest. Hitler may scream his loudest. Himmler may fill his concentration camps with the people who listen to the B.B.C. *But the big truths cannot be hid.*

For example, this is the third winter of the war. Every German knows that. And, knowing it, he knows that the Hitler plot has failed.

For one winter was to suffice. One winter. Then the *blitzkrieg*. Then the triumphal march through the streets of London on August 15, 1940, and Hitler's announcement of our doom from the portico of the Mansion House. All according to plan.

How cut-and-dried it was may be gathered from a little incident recorded in Shirer's "Berlin Diary." In those tremendous days when France had collapsed and the invasion of England was imminent, Shirer was taken with other foreign correspondents to

Goebbels may lie grandly, but big truths will out, even in Germany

the French coast to see the preparations for "The Day."

He visited a German officer's improvised quarters. He remarked that they were very comfortable.

"But I know this coast," he added, "and you will find winter in this place pretty trying." The officer looked at him as if puzzled. Then he laughed gaily.

"Winter here?" he said. "I am going to spend my Christmas with my family."

BUT HE DID NOT SPEND LAST CHRISTMAS WITH HIS FAMILY. HE WILL NOT SPEND THE COMING CHRISTMAS WITH HIS FAMILY. THE THIRD WINTER FINDS HIM DOUBTLESS AMONG THE LIVING OR DEAD IN THE SNOWS OF RUSSIA.

That is the experience not of one only, but of millions. There is not a German family that does not share it. And, sharing it, knows that Hitler and his gang were false prophets.

* * *

AND much more than the time-table has gone wrong—nearly every calculation of the maniacal paper-hanger on a major issue has been disproved by events. Take a few examples:

(1) Every German saw that immortal photograph of Hitler dancing a *pas seul* before his idolatrous staff when he received the surrender of France.

"The war in the West is over," he said. And for a month he waited for our submission. Fatal error. He missed his chance. He is still waiting.

(2) Mr. Churchill, in his most recent speech, told us on the authority of Hess that Hitler relied on starving us into surrender even more than on invasion. The operation was to be completed last summer.

Well, the summer is over, the battle of the Atlantic, if not won, is decided, and the pirates have lost.

WE ARE STILL THE BEST-FED PEOPLE IN EUROPE. WE ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE HITLER HAS NOT STARVED OR BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF STARVATION.

And that brings me to—

(3) America would not join in the war. Alternatively, the war would be won by Germany before her aid could be of any value. How does that look to-day in the light of events?

(4) This on the word of Goering: German supremacy in the air would make the British Navy obsolete, conquer Britain and prevent a British bomb desecrating German soil.

What do Kiel, Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, Berlin, and a score of other German cities think of this forecast to-day?

What of the Battle of Britain? What of the triumphs of British sea-power?

(5) The British Commonwealth of Nations would disintegrate like a rope of sand at the impact of war. How does that forecast look in the light of events?

(6) Russia would collapse, possibly in six weeks, certainly in ten. By the end of July Hitler would be in Moscow, would issue his "New Order" for Europe from the Red Square, and would be free to swing his mighty machine westward for the final victory in the autumn.

Six months have passed. Russia still stands heroic and defiant. Millions of German dead and wounded litter the plains.

Hitler has not reached the oil he so much needs. He is locked in that frozen land for the winter.

(7) In attacking Russia Hitler was confident that he would break up the Allied front. Britain would be torn with dissension on the question of supporting Bolshevist Russia. American "isolationism" would swing the country out of line on the same issue.

In fact, Churchill "within an hour" committed this country to help Russia. Roosevelt did the same. The front was not broken. It was extended and consolidated.

* * *

I COULD add to the list. You could add to the list. But this is enough to aid our enquiry into what is going on in the mind of Germany.

It knows all these things. It has suffered all these shocks.

In spite of its sheeplike docility it must be getting anxious as one disillusion follows another, and as the vista of the war widens and becomes more incalculable.

Doubts about the future, doubts about the inspired leader, memories of the last war must be seeping in through the Goebbelian darkness as the months pass and the victory that is always just round the corner recedes like a mirage in the desert.

NO, THE BIG TRUTHS WILL OUT, EVEN IN GERMANY. THE CIRCUS STAGED IN BERLIN WILL NOT OBSCURE THEM.

We do not know what effect they are having on the mind of Germany. But we can guess.

We remember the autumn of 1918, and we thank God we are not in Germany's shoes.

IS "LUXURY" A WAR CRIME?

● I do not know what people mean by "war-time luxury."

They go into a smart restaurant at night, perhaps, and see a lot of people eating and drinking and dancing. Yet they do not seem to understand that almost all of them are engaged on war work from which, at night, they seek relaxation.

Then you read attacks on dog meetings, football matches and other working-class amusements, and the golf and tennis played by the middle-classes.

All these are wrong when they involve the waste of priceless petrol, when they are accompanied by extravagant gambling, and when they stop war-work.

But why shouldn't a man, toiling at night, go to the dogs, if he likes, in the afternoon, or play golf when his shop is shut?

Too many of us are apt to indict amusements in which we ourselves do not indulge and to defend those in which we do.

In a totalitarian country, what should be done, or what shouldn't, is all regulated beforehand. Under our more liberal system, we arrive gradually at a solution.

It all comes back to the Government's failure, eighteen months ago, to apply its much-applauded Act to nationalise everything and everybody.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHO HOLDS UP DAY NURSERIES?

● Once again, a bottleneck has been created. This time, three Ministries—Education, Health and Labour—are involved.

Lord Horder has for months been pressing upon Whitehall the need for hundreds of nurseries at which young children can be fed and taught while their mothers are at war work. But, instead of hundreds, the Government thinks in tens.

I recently drove Lord Horder to the Ministry of Health and saw him enter it, hoping to have better luck with Ernest Brown that time.

But a week later he was still arguing and pleading.

SHOULD GUARDSMEN DRILL GIRLS?

● Although in the last war the German goose-step was an object of mirth, we went on, when peace came, with an equally silly thing—the slow march of the Guards. An army should be trained for fighting, not show.

Now—after two years of war—Guardsmen have actually been teaching this silly step to the fair young things in the Girls' Training Corps. More than that, they have been instructing them in the punctilio of the real Guards' salute!

This was illustrated by photographs in the papers on the day that Sir Roger Keyes startled the Commons with his accusation that the raiding-party work of his Commandos had been thwarted by muddle-headed Officialdom.

In peace time, teaching a Guards' step to girls would be foolish. In the middle of a war, its imbecility is criminal.

SHOULD BOY SCOUTS BE ARMED?

● Although Dr. J. E. Mosby, District Commissioner, announced at Norwich that Boy Scouts over sixteen would receive training in handling arms "in the event of an emergency," the truth is that while, in case we were invaded, everybody should be armed, there are not arms enough to go round.

Take, for instance, the Belgian Congo.

Admirable native troops were sent from there to help clean up Abyssinia. They came back full of fight.

Belgians in London say that there are at least 13,000,000 of these natives who could quickly be trained and used to invade French Morocco—if they had the arms.

But, even now, over two years after it started, we are short of arms for our essential Fighting Services.

In theory, you should arm everybody. In practice, you can't.

RMANY'S

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I COULD add to the list. You could add to the list. But this is enough to aid our enquiry into what is going on in the mind of Germany.

It knows all these things. It has suffered all these shocks.

In spite of its sheeplike docility it must be getting anxious as one disillusion follows another, and as the vista of the war widens and becomes more incalculable.

Doubts about the future, doubts about the inspired leader, memories of the last war must be seeping in through the Goebbelian darkness as the months pass and the victory that is always just round the corner recedes like a mirage in the desert.

NO, THE BIG TRUTHS WILL OUT, EVEN IN GERMANY. THE CIRCUS STAGED IN BERLIN WILL NOT OBSCURE THEM.

We do not know what effect they are having on the mind of Germany. But we can guess.

We remember the autumn of 1918, and we thank God we are not in Germany's shoes.

IS "LUXURY" A WAR CRIME?

● I do not know what people mean by "war-time luxury."

They go into a smart restaurant at night, perhaps, and see a lot of people eating and drinking and dancing. Yet they do not seem to understand that almost all of them are engaged on war work from which, at night, they seek relaxation.

Then you read attacks on dog meetings, football matches and other working-class amusements, and the golf and tennis played by the middle-classes.

All these are wrong when they involve the waste of priceless petrol, when they are accompanied by extravagant gambling, and when they stop war-work.

But why shouldn't a man, toiling at night, go to the dogs, if he likes, in the afternoon, or play golf when his shop is shut?

Too many of us are apt to indict amusements in which we ourselves do not indulge and to defend those in which we do.

In a totalitarian country, what should be done, or what shouldn't, is all regulated beforehand. Under our more liberal system, we arrive gradually at a solution.

It all comes back to the Government's failure, eighteen months ago, to apply its much-applauded Act to nationalise everything and everybody.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHO HOLDS UP DAY NURSERIES?

● Once again, a bottleneck has been created. This time, three Ministries—Education, Health and Labour—are involved.

Lord Horder has for months been pressing upon Whitehall the need for hundreds of nurseries at which young children can be fed and taught while their mothers are at war work. But, instead of hundreds, the Government is thinking in tens.

I recently drove Lord Horder to the Ministry of Health and saw him enter it, hoping to have better luck with Ernest Brown that time.

But a week later he was still arguing and pleading.

SHOULD GUARDSMEN DRILL GIRLS?

● Although in the last war the German goose-step was an object of mirth, we went on, when peace came, with an equally silly thing—the slow march of the Guards. An army should be trained for fighting, not show.

Now—after two years of war—Guardsmen have actually been teaching this silly step to the fair young things in the Girls' Training Corps. More than that, they have been instructing them in the punctilio of the real Guards' salute!

This was illustrated by photographs in the papers on the day that Sir Roger Keyes startled the Commons with his accusation that the raiding-party work of his Commandos had been thwarted by muddle-headed Officialdom.

In peace time, teaching a Guards' step to girls would be foolish. In the middle of a war, its imbecility is criminal.

SHOULD BOY SCOUTS BE ARMED?

● Although Dr. J. E. Mosby, District Commissioner, announced at Norwich that Boy Scouts over sixteen would receive training in handling arms "in the event of an emergency," the truth is that while, in case we were invaded, everybody should be armed, there are not arms enough to go round.

Take, for instance, the Belgian Congo.

Admirable native troops were sent from there to help clean up Abyssinia. They came back full of fight.

Belgians in London say that there are at least 13,000,000 of these natives who could quickly be trained and used to invade French Morocco—if they had the arms.

But, even now, over two years after it started, we are short of arms for our essential Fighting Services.

In theory, you should arm everybody. In practice, you can't.

Coxwain Blogg back from the watery shambles

This Man Never Turns Back

Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

describes the greatest feat of the greatest lifeboatman in Britain —the defiant old seadog who has just been awarded his ninth decoration for bravery

CROMER is accustomed to battle with the sea.

Ever since the little town on the cliffs has been in existence the sea has come swarming in at it, tearing hungrily away such sectors of it as are not well defended.

And Cromer does not refuse the challenge of the racing North Sea combers. It goes out to meet the grey old foe.

Off Cromer are the dreaded Haisborough Sands.

Ships have gone aground on those sands in the past, and every man of their crews has dropped into the raging breakers that pile up on them when the wind blows out of the north-west. Time and again not one single survivor has reached shore alive.

A Watery Hell

In recent years Cromer has fought the ferocious seas that pour and cream across the Haisborough Sands. It has sent out its lifeboat into that watery hell, and snatched score upon score of victims from the waves.

Chief of those who go out from Cromer to fight the sea and rob it of its quota of human life is Coxswain Henry Blogg.

Blogg of the Cromer boat is known not only up and down the British coasts but wherever great keels plough the Seven Seas.

You hear his name in seamen's gossip among the Hoogli pilots and the Bergen whalers, the Pacific schooner skippers and the hard-case sailors at San Francisco's Golden Gate.

Three times this big, tough, grizzled man has won the "Lifeboat V.C."—and, believe me, no real V.C. is ever harder won than this Gold Medal of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

But Blogg has not stopped at that.

He has also won the Institution's Silver Medal four times, the George Cross, and the Medal of the Order of the British Empire. Nine in all!

His exploits are far too numerous even for me to try to outline the greatest of them. I can tell you of one adventure only—for which he won the Gold Medal the third time.

A convoy was steaming south down the British coast. Guns were cocked skyward, tin-hatted sailors stood at "action" posts.

But it was not Stukas that provided the worst peril.

The trouble was the barometer.

It had been falling steadily. The sky was slaty grey, the wind howling like a lost soul as it ran across the great rollers.

Now and then a bluster of wild rain hissed down, freezing into ice on slippery decks and humming wire stays.

Devil's Playground

The convoy was beating down towards the Haisborough Sands.

In peace time they would have given that Devil's Playground of foam and shifting mud a wider berth. But war is war, and mines and U-boats and bombers bend our courses a little, though they do not bend the spirit of the men who go forth every day, despite them all.

Skipper after skipper in the convoy stared uneasily towards the Sands, far ahead and invisible below blown spume and mist and rain and leaping foam.

The wind from the north-west gathered to gale force, piling up the sea like a sliding landscape that pressed and drove and dragged nearer and nearer to the deathly sandbanks.

One ship after another belched smoke as the engines struggled harder to fight that merciless drag.

But when the winds gather on the waters, the puny things of men's hands become Nature's toys, and not even the 100,000 horse-power of an Atlantic liner can stop the seas from tossing them away as a child will toss a plaything.

And so presently Haisborough Sands claimed some victims.

Out of the driven spume towards the foaming lines where the rollers burst in thunder came a ship. It was fighting still—fighting with whirling smoke and pulsating steam to try to get past.

It had no hope.

It came nearer, like a crab walking sideways, struggling to edge past Death.

One After Another

And behind it in the mist came the shape of another vessel—and another. . . .

With a crash, the first steamer was lifted on the back of a great roller, square on to the Sands.

Instantly the ocean began to clamber over it, to mouth at it, suck at it, send thunderbolt blows clanging on its hull, push it heeling down so that waves from the other side could reach to haul it under.

"The Steamers' Graveyard" they used to call Haisborough Sands. And as that day drew towards its close the place looked a graveyard.

A graveyard of broken giants, not yet dead.

In some cases, the decks submerged and gone, you could tell that a ship lay drowned there only by upper decks and masts standing amidst a swirl of pouring whiteness.

At the top of those masts and sloping decks little knots of men, clinging like insects on sticks, one falling away now and then and disappearing for ever. . . .

Six ships stranded and helpless on the Haisborough Sands. Six great ships heeling at drunken angles, broken, helpless, waiting for the end.

Some sea god, poised triumphant, watching the disaster from afar, might have seen five lifeboats tossing and nosing their way towards Haisborough Sands.

And in No. 1 Cromer boat, Coxswain Blogg, riding the lists of darkness once again.

First to the Sands, the No. 1 boat was seen by those desperate survivors, clinging frozen and helpless to whatever handholds still remained above the foaming water.

Sailed Over the Wrecks

No swimmer could live in that sea. And surely no boat could come to them, for their own dead ships below the wavecrests would smash like an eggshell any vessel that ventured near.

But Coxswain Blogg is not a man who turns back.

Survivors clinging to the rigging of one sunken steamer shouted as the Cromer boat headed straight as an arrow at them.

The lifeboatmen must be mad!

But Blogg drove his boat clean over the submerged decks.

There was a shuddering impact as the boat struck something under water. Blogg and his crew never turned a hair. They kept on.

Men stood up in the lifeboat, grabbing at the mast, securing the boat. Releasing their hold, survivors from the mast tumbled down, and were caught and stowed safely aboard.

Sixteen men from the Dead Man's Perch they got down and hauled in.

Edging close to another submerged ship, the Cromer boat tried to drive in over its deck. The waves caught it, hurled it along, and there came the crash of a collision.

The boat spun away—they are unsubmersible and self-righting, these lifeboats—and the men aboard shook themselves and baled furiously to get the water out of her.

And once more, undefeated, she nosed in at the sunken ship—found her way—and tied up against a masthead on which a group of half-drowned figures still clung.

From that watery shambles, one hundred and nineteen men were plucked back to life—eighty-eight of them in the No. 1 Cromer boat.

BUTLERS in BATTLEDRESS!

A SERIOUS and growing misuse of large numbers of Army and Air Force personnel should be looked into by the War Office and Air Ministry without delay.

It is causing considerable resentment in both Services.

Information which has reached me from time to time from readers in different parts of the country, reveals that many soldiers and airmen are not performing military duties at all, but are doing menial work in officers' houses.

Some act as gardeners and chauffeurs; others take children for car drives, while some are actually errand-runners for officers' wives.

Unofficial Butler

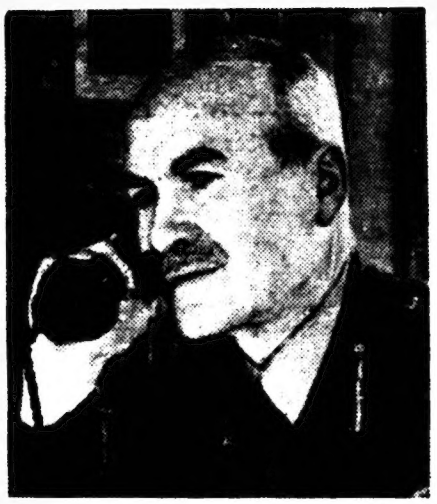
A gunner, stationed at an important North Country military depot, has been employed over a long period as driver to a Lieutenant-Colonel. He is one of three soldiers who have spent most of their time attending to the personal requirements of this officer, and of his wife and family.

In the same section of this Command, a senior staff officer took to himself one batman, one chauffeur, and one general factotum.

The batman's job was to chop the household wood, clean the shoes of the whole family, tend the boiler, run the electric light plant and, at times, assist with the cooking.

One man, though he joined up to be a soldier, has driven his superior officer to and from unit headquarters, a distance of forty miles, every day for months. During intervals, he has filled in his spare time on shopping expeditions for the officer's wife.

Some days it was his duty to drive the latter on her own shopping excursions; on others he was handed a list and had to do the shopping himself—including face tissues for the lady!



Lt.-General Sir Ronald Adam, Adjutant General to the Forces, who will, I hope, take immediate action to remedy the grievances dealt with here

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

Recently certain officers attached to a division on the East Coast organised two or three duck shoots.

Twenty soldiers were employed as "beaters," and were taken out in an Army lorry. At the end of each shoot they were presented with a shilling for their services.

Private cars took the officers to these parties, and Army drivers drove them there.

A corporal in the London area complains that, though he is a skilled tradesman, he has to act two or three days a week as gardener and man-of-all-work at an officer's house. And so that the prying attentions of would-be onlookers are avoided, he has to wear civilian clothing whilst acting as jobbing gardener.

Three "Servants"

The commanding officer of a Royal Air Force camp has a W.A.A.F. working at his house in place of a cook. He also has a batman doing gardening and domestic duties, with another soldier acting as butler-chauffeur.

Many serving soldiers resent, too, the special periods of leave which are given to actors and bandsmen who at long last have reached the barrack square.

A member of my staff, only this week, met a young actor he knew in a restaurant. Although he had been in the Army for some months, he was in mufti, and laughingly explained that he was "on leave to make a couple of pictures."

Yet there are plenty of available actors beyond the Service age limit who would have been glad to play the rôles this young man had been released to fill.

Often, dance bandsmen do only two or three hours' military duties a day, and then go off in their own cars to private engagements.

Many play in fashionable hotels and restaurants every night until the early hours and, making money in a princely way, merely play at being soldiers.

But it is the misuse of soldiers and airmen as gardeners, chauffeurs and errand-runners for officers and their families that I am primarily concerned about, and I draw attention to the matter in the hope that something will be done to stop it.

The instances I have given are by no means isolated, and could be multiplied many times.

There is the further advantage, of course, that these "housemaids in battledress" (for that is their Service nickname) are well disciplined!

And get no salary!

Just what does the War Office and the Air Ministry propose to do about it?

Black Market Grabs Toys

THE Black Market has now spread its tentacles to the Christmas toy trade.

Trade authorities may deny this, but my investigations prove the contrary.

Where toys have been offered at reasonable prices, Black Market agents have bought them up and sold them at as much as 500 per cent. profit to wealthy private customers.

Spate of Profiteering

And there is a spate of profiteering probably unequalled in any other trade.

Toy wooden engines that cost 1s. a year ago now cost 6s.; 2s. 6d. dolls are sold at 18s. 6d.; popguns sold at 1s. last Christmas are offered at 5s. 6d. this Christmas; and sailing-boats, for which 3s. 6d. was considered a good price, are fetching 15s.

There is, of course, a scarcity of toys owing to the quota regulations, which allow a retailer not more than 25 per cent. of his pre-war supply.

But this shortage is no excuse for profiteering, although it has led to it in many districts where there is almost a "famine" in toys.

They have been bought, too, as salvaged goods in the bombed towns, and resold at scandalous prices.

And in some provincial towns the Black Market racketeers have opened mock auction rooms, where cheap toys are bumped up in price by confederates planted in the crowd.

Many of these Black Market toys are, of course, stolen.

A few weeks ago a toy dealer arrived at his shop one morning to find that raiders had broken in during the night and practically cleared the shelves of all the lighter and easily transportable toys such as dolls and woolly animals.

That's just one instance.

The manager of a toy department at a Nottingham stores noticed that certain men kept coming back to purchase a toy that was rationed to one per customer. Observation revealed that the goods were being sold elsewhere at inflated profits.

Orders Refused

It is not surprising that one of London's largest toy wholesaling firms has refused several large orders from doubtful sources, and issued instructions to its staff that every large order is to be carefully investigated.

So once again the Black Market racketeers get the profits—and the children don't get the toys.

And the irony of the situation is that many warehouses are stacked high with toys which cannot be sold owing to the quota restrictions.

A final word of warning: Be sure that mechanical toys offered, particularly from market stalls, are new. Shady traders have been buying up old toys for a song and, patching them up, fob them off as new.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. G. Collier, Hiley Road, Kensal Rise, London, N.W.10, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. Information he supplied has been dealt with confidentially.

Write about any matter needing investigation or comment, marking envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

NO DELIVERIES!

AT this time of the year there are numerous house-to-house canvassing rogues who, misusing the names of reputable firms, solicit orders for seasonable goods which they say can only be supplied if cash is paid with order.

I have received several complaints lately about men who have vanished with the deposits, but perhaps the most impudent fraud of all relates to a firm called the "Caxton Printing Press," of "96, Long Acre, London, W.C.2."

Canvassers show housewives choice examples of notepaper on which, even in these times, addresses will be printed in exclusive types at remarkably attractive prices, and sums ranging from £1 to 5s. have been obtained from dupes.

Lack of delivery on the part of the "Caxton Printing Press" is easily explained.

In the first place, the concern is completely mythical.

While there are several highly reputable "Caxton" companies in the printing trade, the name is being grossly misused in this instance.

And the Long Acre address used is one of several belonging to the proprietors of JOHN BULL!

The matter is one for the police, and they are already dealing with it.

Hitler's Old Men Are Terrified

GERMAN troops in Occupied France can now see a strong red light. So, in fear of their skins, they are trying to make friends with the French.

That is the news brought by a Continental trade union leader who has arrived in this country.

Young soldiers are concentrated at strategic points along the coast and in Paris.

But all the interior of Occupied France is garrisoned by the oldest reserves—last-war veterans who want to get back to their families at home and fear they may be the first victims of French fury when the tide turns.

They cannot show their feelings openly. The Gestapo is still too strong for that.

Like Master—Like Men

However, as soon as the German soldier is alone he can easily be persuaded to wink at official regulations.

For a consideration, of course.

He knows that the big Nazi bosses have amassed fortunes by rackets and bribery. So why shouldn't he—the little man—get his share?

Now he gets it. And his morals and discipline deteriorate in consequence.

Another result is that hundreds of French civilians now pass between the Occupied and Unoccupied zones every day.

It was still a risky business a few months ago.

You had to hire a guide to take you through forests and marshes during the night, and you were quite likely to get shot.

Now you can get through in daylight, if you choose a secondary road guarded by a bored sentry.

For twenty francs, or even twenty cigarettes, he will "forget" to ask you for your permit that should be signed by the local Kommandantur.

Letters between the two zones are strictly forbidden. But practice disdains the theory.

There is a big illegal postal service that now functions openly.

Reliable Service

One shop in a Vichy France city displays a large poster that announces "Letters for Paris accepted here."

The Vichy authorities ignore it—perhaps because this private post office has proved absolutely reliable.

Several hundred letters a day are entrusted to the shopkeeper, who charges five francs on each one.

A messenger crosses the frontier at dusk, travels to Paris, and hands over his load to local messengers.

In another big town in the South of France the system is even more complete.

For a fee of ten francs you can not only send your letter to Paris, but receive an answer from your correspondent within a guaranteed period of four days.

It never fails. It gives evidence of the laxness with which the troops of occupation now carry out their duties.

And that is significant of their sudden desire not to annoy the French peasant and business man.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

NAPOLEON —AND LITTLE FISHES!

BY WALDO KELLAR

They felt that they were peeping in on something no man was meant to see

TRY to imagine a Baghdad story-teller squatting on a mat in the shade, and droning: "Once upon a time there was no one but God" . . . which is how all Persian fairy-tales begin.

The crowd collects. He digs deep into an imagination flogged to fever-heat by all the fantasies, mirages and pipe-dreams of the East.

This, he thinks, *must be a tale of devils, fairies, marvels, genii . . . impossible things, far from the hard probabilities of life.*

So he spins out a madly coloured legend of things that can't ever happen.

And yet he could tell nothing more marvellous than the story of Mr. Morley Martin and the things he found in the ashes.

Morley Martin died at South Harrow in 1938. Few people heard of him in his lifetime. Maurice Maeterlinck told the world something about him and his work; but not much. The Rockefeller Institute is investigating what he found.

What *did* he find?

Morley Martin peeped into the sealed dustbins of Time, and sifted out something beautiful and terrible. It might be the clue to the ultimate mystery of life. It might be the secret of Heaven and Hell.

He was a queer man, working by inspiration. God knows what voice whispered in his brain that Morley Martin should work on Azoic Rock.

Azoic Rock is the oldest of all rock: it made up the first crust of the earth. He took some of this, in 1929, and put it in an electric furnace; blasted it to ashes in stupendous heat, and then sterilised those ashes in steam.

Burnt-out ashes of dead rock millions of years buried!

He subjected the sterilised ashes to a series of treatments until he obtained a new substance: something the world had never seen before. He called it "primordial protoplasm," and set to work to produce it in crystalline form.

So, out of the ashes, putting the matter simply, he got a crystal, which was unlike any other crystal on earth.

AND with the divine, frenzied patience of the scientist, he sat down to watch that crystal for months under inactinic light.

Out of the crystals came a liquid.

He—again by inspiration—subjected crystals and liquid to X-ray radiations. The crystals condensed, and then broke up again.

All very fine, one might say: ashes into crystals, crystals into liquid, and so on. . . .

Morley Martin photographed the transformation. It was then that he saw something fantastic. The photograph was covered with pictures of tiny fishes.

Had they come from the air? No. From the ashes of the dead rock.

Martin — and witnesses — examined "primordial protoplasm" on glass slides under an enormously powerful microscope.

Miracle upon miracle! The watchers were overcome with a kind of dread as they looked down the narrow barrel of the microscope into the insignificant speck of stuff under the lens.

They felt that they were peeping in on something no man was meant to see.

Out of the "primordial protoplasm" came bubbles. These bubbles changed. They assumed strange shapes. *The bubbles were turning into animals!* First bones appeared. Then feet, head, eyes. This sometimes happened under the eyes of those who watched.

One man saw a crab come out of nothing—and crawl away!

The things that had been imprisoned in the ancient rocks were complete—and *alive*. There were fishes, plants and insects: very, very tiny, but living.

Back to life under the microscope crawled things that the world had forgotten ten million years ago. Creatures totally unknown came to life as Morley Martin watched.

Some he recognised as being extinct animals. Others were totally strange to him.

Could it be that here, also, were creatures *not yet born but belonging to future ages*?

Martin found a serum which would feed these tiny miraculous fishes. Then he killed them again; burnt them to ashes again in his furnace.

He watched.

Out of their own ashes the fishes came back. Believe this, or laugh: it is true. They reorganised, and went on developing.

Under Morley Martin's microscope there had crawled visible proof that life was immortal, beyond destruction.

He left thousands of photographs to prove it.

In 1935 he caught a red mullet. He presumably ate the fish in the usual way leaving its head as we all leave fish-heads.

He put the head of the red mullet in his furnace and reduced it to cinders.

To the cinders of this fish, which had been living a few hours before, Morley Martin did what he had done to the "primordial protoplasm."

Out of the ashes, under the microscope, came hundreds and hundreds of complete red mullets—very tiny, but exactly similar to red mullets of ordinary size. . . .

SO this is what he concluded: That living creatures are little universes made up of countless billions of other living creatures similar to themselves.

That nothing ever dies: nothing ever can die.

If, for example, a dead sparrow is buried, and grass grows out of the dead sparrow . . . countless sparrows, infinitesimally small, exactly similar in every detail to the one that was buried, lie dormant in the grass . . . in the cow that eats the grass . . and so on, on, for all eternity.

That every living thing, from a cabbage to a king, has a power of self-resurrection in the fulness of time, given the right conditions.

That life doesn't come out of you. You are a product of life, which cannot be destroyed . . . the unimaginable, infinite Force which we call Life goes on for ever.

And so comes a strange conclusion:

If every animal is a world of identical animals—every man is a world of identical men!

There are millions of minutely small John Smiths in every little cell of John Smith's body.

The people of all time, and the beasts of all time, lie sleeping, imprisoned in specks of dust, blades of grass, slabs of rock, grains of sand.

All the grandeur that was Rome, all the glory that was Greece, all the colour that was mighty Egypt—all that man ever was, might be held, as a pinch of dust, in a baby's hand. And all may resurrect.

Ten thousand sleeping Napoleons may be contained in the cleanings of a finger-nail. Nebuchadnezzar and all his hosts might constitute one bit of grit in your eye.

You might think about all that, some time. . . .

Let's Stop this Bureaucratic Paper-Chase

Says JOHN DUGDALE, M.P. for West Bromwich

IT is said that an army marches on its stomach. Some people wonder if the British Army doesn't march on sheets of paper.

I have lately made a few enquiries into the great flood of paper that pours from one branch to another, and readers of JOHN BULL may be interested to hear the result.

* * *

There is in the Army a particular disease known as "Return Hunger." Important officers send out forms demanding that a "return" be made on this, that, and the other subject.

Many of these returns are, of course, necessary if a check is to be kept on what the Army is doing. But not all. I ask readers to judge whether they think any of the following returns are helping to win the war.

A return is called for every month on the number of men in each regiment who attend Holy Communion. Need I make any comment?

Then there is our old friend the Ammunition Return. Every single week a return is called for from every unit on the amount of ammunition it holds.

Yet the War Office knows perfectly well what the amount is, except in cases where units have actually used some.

Why not send in a return each *month* on the number *fired*? It would save every regiment hours of unnecessary work, and the paper it would save would make Lord Beaverbrook's mouth water.

A variant of the "Return" is the "Estimate." Here is a particularly useful one!

An estimate was recently asked of the number of 'bus tickets likely to be required by each unit during the next six months.

In many cases, people just sent in the first number that came into their heads!

Lastly, there was until recently the remarkable return on field artillery.

This called each fortnight for a list of every gun, stating which guns were fit for prolonged firing, and which were not.

* * *

It would be interesting to hear how many guns each fortnight had in fact been rendered unfit by excess of firing—and if there were any at this moment in the British Isles there would be a strong case for sending the officers in charge of them to a psychiatrist for mental examination.

These are only a few.

But these few alone mean hours of time spent by highly paid officers every day—and, as for the paper, ask the men of our Merchant Navy who bring the wood pulp across the Atlantic what they think.

* * *

And not only the Army, but many other branches of national service are afflicted by this paper-wasting campaign.

You'd think that a doctor would be left free to attend to his urgent duties.

But no. The authorities pester him with forms to such an extent that it is almost impossible for him even to find time for studying articles and keeping himself abreast of current medical practice.

And all this, mark you, at a time when, with a large proportion of doctors called into the Services, those remaining at home already have more patients than they can properly attend.

The forms and certificates a doctor may find himself liable to fill in embrace upwards of fifty different subjects.

The actual number it is impossible to compute, because patients flock in with them every day.

And now there is talk of adding to them an "egg certificate"!

It is time the Government curbed this form-filling mania.

You Cannot Blame the Bomber

says HUMANIST

who advises a woman reader to bury a memory that has been worrying her for over twenty years

"THE Army is the organised anger of the nation," said G. K. Chesterton, and for what the Army does the whole nation is responsible. Individual men in the Fighting Services merely carry out the nation's orders.

We are all in it, directly or indirectly.

It is necessary to point out these facts in order to understand the problem sent by a woman reader.

I wonder if you will blame me (*she writes*) for what I did in the last war when I was only twenty years of age. I was engaged to a young man in the R.A.F. who used to do daylight bombing over Germany.

My young brother was a prisoner in Germany, and we received cards and letters to say he was well.

Not long afterwards, the postman brought a letter from Germany addressed to mother. I did not know what news it contained, but I feared it was bad. I locked it away, but it got on my nerves.

I opened it at last and had it translated. It said that my brother was killed by British bombs while working. I burnt the letter, because I was afraid my mother would turn against the young man I loved.

I am now married to him and we have three children. But no day ever passes without my wondering whether I did right or wrong. My mother died soon afterwards. What would you have done in my place?

One can guess the nature of the fear in the girl's mind. Suppose it was her husband who killed her brother! It is a horrible thought.

Frankly, I should feel extremely sceptical about that news from Germany. British bombs were not dropped at random. Our men knew where the prison camps were situated.

But even if by an astonishing coincidence it is true, one cannot blame the husband, since he was obeying orders and the prisoner's death was accidental.

The girl had no legal right to conceal a letter addressed to her mother, but one can understand her motives and excuse her.

After nearly a quarter of a century of worrying, it is time she gave her mind a rest from the whole subject.

AND here is a problem from a man who has been in the Army for fourteen years.

Quite recently (*he says*) I became engaged to a girl in Yorkshire. All went well until she received a letter stating that I was a married man with a wife in an internment camp, that I was forty-nine years of age, and that I had been discharged from the Army in disgrace.

All these statements, and a good many more, were entirely false. I have no wife at all, I am forty-two years old, and my previous Army discharges are marked "Very good."

The writer of these lies is my own mother. Ever since I returned from India, I have been persecuted in this way.

During my short career in civilian life I had to leave my lodgings several times on account of the lies told to my landladies.

I dislike the idea of prosecuting for slander—but what can I do?

If I were in this man's place my immediate impulse would be to vanish—to go where my mother would not find me.

The man is convinced that his mother has got her knife into him, and I advise him to go right out of her reach.

Prosecution for libel and slander would not end the trouble. It would drive it underground, perhaps, but it would still be active.

FINALLY, a more pleasant subject. The letter comes from a reader who wants to know about the patriotic way to spend Christmas.

I have heard some mothers say (*she writes*) that they intend to stop "saving for victory" for a few weeks and strain every nerve to collect "goodies" which will make their kiddies' Christmas nearly normal.

Others are worrying the tender minds of their little ones by telling them that there won't be any Christmas at all this year.

There ought to be a happy medium between these extreme points of view.

Isn't this a good opportunity to get back to the original meaning of the Festival? In country districts the church-hall could be the big Christmas party centre. The tree could be decorated by the children and everything on it made by them. The oldest Christmas story in the world could be retold and illustrated.

It would be very helpful if you would discuss the subject on your page.

Adults seem to have the idea that one cannot enjoy a jolly Christmas without spending a lot of money—eating and drinking, staying in expensive hotels, buying extravagant presents.

It is fortunate that children can be made thoroughly happy without spending money.

The old Christmas games, including such things as charades, blind man's buff, general post, etc., don't cost a bean.

I like the suggestions made by the writer of the letter, and should be interested to hear any other bright ideas.

DUTY

DUTY is sometimes boring, but it tidies up our thoughts, and it gives Life's Fleet of Ships their very definite ports. It gives us satisfaction, and contentment deep, and rich, and it gives to Life's grand song its compass and its pitch.

DUTY is sometimes irksome, but its rewards are clear. It gives us peace of mind and purpose above fear; it gives us calm of heart, and a conscience free from doubt, and it gives us poise of soul, which no one can do without.

DUTY is sometimes frightening; its calls are sharp and strange, and our hearts are awed to find such danger in Life's Range. But if we face the struggle, and the issues do not shirk, we'll find that in the direst task a glimpse of heaven will lurk. J. M.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

JARCHÉ'S ADVENTURES—told to MAURICE FAGENCE

A British tank goes into action in the Syrian campaign. In the background is smoke from a bombed enemy dump

THIS was OUR ODDEST BATTLE

WHEN the war in Syria was only a few hours old, I saw a long procession of despondent men filing past a tree.

They were our first batch of Vichy-French prisoners. They were sullen. They hated us so much that they wouldn't even accept cigarettes or food at our hands.

They had seen us fighting a war in which our chief aim was to avoid killing or even injuring men who had once been our allies.

But Vichy, which has nothing to learn in the way of lying from Goebbels, had taught them we were arch-villains.

Incredible as it may seem, those poor, deluded creatures actually believe that we, who are pledged to rid the world of that scourge of Hitlerism which would destroy France, deserted *them* in their hour of need.

Slowly they filed past our interrogating officers—Senegalese and White Frenchman alike. Not a man would answer a question. Silent scorn spoken with the eyes was the only reply they would make.

Our questioners were just about to give it up as hopeless when a French padre arrived.

He did not want to speak to them of war, he said. Nor even of politics. He wanted to speak to them of God.

Blaze of Interest

And, speaking of God to those men who wanted to hear of nothing, he mentioned the name of Colonel Colet.

There was a blaze of interest all along the line. "Colonel Colet would not have us fight against our own race," one of them flashed.

Said the padre, very quietly, very evenly: "Colonel Colet is here with us."

They wouldn't believe it. They told him he lied, that Colonel Colet was fighting on behalf of France—by which they meant Vichy France. Didn't he know that Colonel Colet was a real hero and a real Frenchman? Then what was he saying about that great man?

Said the padre: "Colonel Colet is here. I will bring him."

He brought him. And there stood Colonel Colet before them, his stern soldier's face melting as he looked on them.

Now every Frenchman knows the name of Colonel Colet. So now they listened. And as he told them how irrevocably the future of France was linked up with the future of the British Empire—facts which Vichy is trying to teach France to forget—some of them started to cry.

He told them of General de Gaulle. Of Gentilhomme. Of great things French boys are doing on land and sea and in the air.

To Help Poor France

Then they filed past the interrogating officers, and every man spoke.

Each was told: "If you want to go back to France you can."

But the reply of the vast majority of those transformed men was: "I don't want to go back. I want to help poor France."

When the invasion of Syria began I was asked which "drive" I intended to attach myself to.

I chose the coastal thrust.

The forward movement began.

I turned to ask an officer where the line was, and he answered: "There is nobody at all between you and the French, if that is what you mean. *This* is the line."

And as if in confirmation heavy firing began from the French side, and we had to crawl to cover on our stomachs.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion ahead of us. When the smoke cleared, we saw that the coastal road had been blown up.

Where it had been was one vast slope of rubble descending to the sea. I should have described it as beyond repair.

But our boys are not beaten so easily as that.

Our armoured cars dashed up. Technicians began to do odd things with explosive charges. There was another vast explosion—this time of our making.

Levelled the Cliffs

We blew up the cliffs that overhung the coastal road, did two days of frantic levelling—and then went on as if nothing had happened.

All this happened under heavy fire. Our casualties might have been heavy if we hadn't taken the precaution of sending Aussie snipers over the brow of the hill to pot at anybody trying to pot at us.

We made that war as gentlemanly an affair as we possibly could.

I saw Aussies facing a rain of shells from French 75's. I marvelled at the courage and patience with which they remembered their orders not to fight back unless it was imperative.

But the Australian artillery had to make some reply. They dropped into action. And I moved up to a forward observation-post to take photographs of the bursting of the shells.

Then our eyes picked up the slow approach of two destroyers, hugging the coast as they steamed.

"The Navy's here again!" we thought proudly—but only for a few minutes.

For suddenly those destroyers—which proved to be Vichy-French warships—opened fire on us with broadsides

I was one of a number who dived into a shallow hole with ample portions of our posteriors exposed. In that uncomfortable position we endured twenty minutes of furious shelling.

As the shells killed four Australians near to me I looked at my wrist-watch

★ Here are some intriguing glimpses behind the curious campaign that scotched Hitler's scheme to worm his way into Syria, and revelations of the depths to which the lying of Vichy traitors sank

The crazy idea ran through my mind: "If I'm to die, I may as well know the time of my death."

Then there was silence, and we saw them—always well out of our range—cringing away.

Blenheims came over and bombed us. To think that the French had got these machines from us—probably the bombs as well.

The situation created many difficulties for our anti-aircraft batteries.

Once during that engagement we saw a shell burst under a British Hurricane's tail.

The pilot kept his machine under control with a superhuman effort. He managed to land it on a road.

We saw his angry face stick out of the cockpit. His bulky figure waddled over to a group of officers with whom I was talking.

"Here," he exploded, "what ruddy game is this?"

A Marvellous Nurse

We heard that the French were going to try to take Saida.

On our way there our convoy was shelled by a fighter 'plane.

For four days I had to stay with an injured companion in a small house by the wayside. The occupant of that house, a German Jewess turned out by Hitler, was a marvellous nurse.

Hitler had turned her adrift to some purpose.

News came that Gentilhomme was going to make an attack, and we moved to join his forces.

I had the pleasure of meeting him before the battle. I took pictures for him. He had some wonderful French troops.

I had just finished when a French machine came over and peppered us, and the General was wounded.

I saved myself by plunging into a drain.

We came to Mayoum.

There is light as well as shade in war, and here there occurred a funny incident which had a surprising result.

I went out bathing with a brass-hat. I saw him bowled over by a big wave. I heard him mumbling a queer gibberish at me, and it seemed as if he were striving—despite the buffetings of other monster waves—to keep his foot on something on the sea-bed.

I swam up, and the riddle was solved. He had dropped his artificial dentures. He was under the impression that he had his foot on one plate, but it was a stone!

The Fuehrer's Dentist

I dived for those molars, without success. Soldiers went out the next morning and searched in vain.

My officer friend was desperate—until a local Jewess told us there was a good dentist at Naharia.

We found him all right. And he made my friend better teeth than he had ever had in his life.

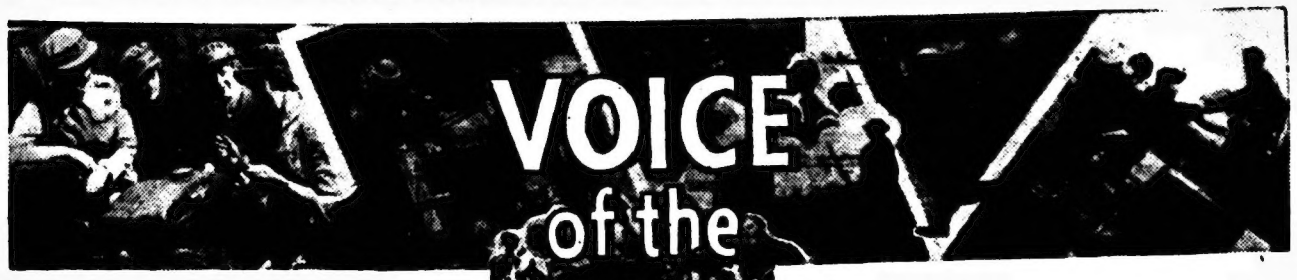
And no wonder. For once, before Hitler's hate of the Jews reached peak, that man had been Hitler's private dentist.

The battle for Saida began. We captured it at four one morning.

First prisoner to reach our advancing troops was a woman schoolteacher, who had taken a pledge to kiss the first British soldier to enter the town!

The first was a sergeant-major, and he got the kiss all right, to the embarrassment of himself and the uproarious delight of his troops.

I am afraid he'll never live it down.



VOICE of the TROOPS

UNABLE to swim—and torpedoed!

That was the plight of Leading Aircraftman D. Jessup when on his way to Africa. He tells the whole story of his dramatic escape in a letter to his brother at Martyrs' Field Road, Canterbury:

No doubt you have heard about the torpedoing. I happened to be below decks at the time.

The noise wasn't as great as I should have expected, but the water came rushing in at a terrific speed, and I was up to my waist before I knew what had happened.

I was lucky enough to have my life-jacket on, and that really saved my life.

Fortunately for us, the explosion blew the top of the hold off, and we were able to find a way out by climbing through there.

I made my way to the stern. As you know, I can't swim a stroke.

And there was our escorting ship, which had been taking off some of the chaps, having to pull away because our ship was on the verge of sinking.

Our vessel tilted up, up, up to a perilous angle—and then a voice shouted out telling us to jump for our lives.

I just closed my eyes tight and jumped. It seemed miles down to the water. It seemed then as if I sank right to the bottom. If there had been any suction I should never have come up again, for the ship took her dive at that moment.

When I broke surface there was nothing of our ship to be seen. I had lost everything except a ring on my hand—the ring Wyn gave me.

By the time they were able to land us I had hair as long as a patriarch, a beard, and feet as hard as nails through having to run about decks without my boots, which I had lost.—Nobby.

★ ★ ★

"DON'T LEAVE US"

And now what about Libya, where British troops still forge ahead?

One of the most recent letters from that country is to C. W. M., Braidfauld Gardens, Tollcross, Glasgow, E.2, from a friend:

We had taken several dozen Italian prisoners, and on our way back to the base a truck load of these prisoners broke down.

It seemed the best thing to abandon the useless truck and let those particular Italians go.

But next morning a cloud of dust was seen in the rear. The Italians had got the truck working. They didn't want to be engulfed by Musso's army again—they set off in pursuit of their late captors.

They weren't going to let us cast them off so easily!

When they caught us up they gave a cheer! Their hearts are certainly not in this adventure, sponsored by the madman who leads them.—Charles.

★ ★ ★

MAN v. MACHINE

From long-besieged Tobruk comes this letter of Sergt. Hazelwood to his mother, Mrs. E. Hazelwood, High Street, Walthamstow:

We get a lot of excitement on our night patrols. We creep up to Jerry's positions at night, have a good snoop round, fire everything we've got at him, get him thoroughly roused, and then run like hell back to our trucks.

You should see us then—going over the desert at about sixty miles an hour in pitch blackness, hanging on to the back for dear life.

One of six M.E.110's that came over the other day carried out a special war against *me*. I had just seen a big puff of smoke over the ridge just in front of me. That was one that had been shot down.

Then there was a dirty black shadow over me. I belted away across the desert for cover, realising that he was going to make a special set at your humble.

He was letting fly at me. His bullets were whacking up the desert in a line 6 ft. away. I did a lovely dive, ploughed up a trench about five yards long with my nose—and took most of the skin off it. But I had to laugh afterwards. —Vic.

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2*

CURE FOR CRIME

From the more distant south (from West Africa, in fact) comes this message from Private L. Cooke to his wife at Blackberry Lane, Stafford:

Going out one day we saw some men giving ju-ju performances, and then came an even more curious experience. We came across a witch-doctor as he was busy in the act of driving devils out of a native who had been stealing.

It was a most weird business. I can't describe all the incredible mumbo-jumbo, but when the "doctor" was finished the native was foaming at the mouth and biting pieces out of the bush plants.

★ ★ ★

HIS FATHER

And now a tragic peep at that other war that was to have ended war!

Second Lieutenant J. W. Hunt, out East, writes to his sister at Woodhouse Road, Horsley Woodhouse, Derby:

One of my fellow-officers lost his father, a lieutenant in the Army, when he was only two. His father was buried only thirty miles from here.

So one day we set out in search of his grave. After four hours of searching, trials, and tribulations, we came upon it.

We had to wash the sand-covered stone with water to read the inscription. Then at two minutes to midday we stood in the boiling sun with our topees removed.

Poor old Geoff.—he broke down completely over the grave of the father he had never seen.—Jack.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

SOME women are apt to be "too old at thirty"—are afraid of the young girls who will take their jobs while they serve the country. Why shouldn't they be guaranteed their jobs back like the men?—Mrs. T. Procter, Tideswell Road, Shirley, Croydon.

* * *

Girls going hundreds of miles to do war work find themselves barred from dances and all sorts of entertainments—even a game of billiards—because they are "unaccompanied."—J. A. Miller, Apsley Street, Glasgow, W.1.

* * *

In the ten years prior to Disarmament (in February, 1931) this country spent £5,459,000,000 (14s. in every £ of State expenditure) on war services. Why, then, were we "unarmed" when war did come?—Anthony John, Churchfields, Salisbury, Wilts. (One reason: large-scale scrapping.—EDITOR.)

* * *

Examine all the afterthoughts the Board of Trade have had *re* clothes rationing. Fact that growing children need more clothes was a belated discovery. One sensible housewife could save Authority many mistakes.—M. Irwin, Hill Road, Portchester, Hants.

* * *

My daughter (seven) wanting to transfer £1 from school bank to savings bank, has been given form beginning: "In pursuance of an Act of Parliament 26 & 27 Victoria, Cap. 87, Sec. 38, as amended by 19 & 20 Geo. V. Cap. 27, Sec. 10——."—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

* * *

One thousand men in local pit have been idle two days and two nights through lack of railway wagons. Nobody has thought of getting the coal up and storing it.—A. R. M., Pentre, Rhondda, Glam.

* * *

Overcharge one farthing on a torch-light battery, and the law's after you. Charge £1,550 for a £750 house in a safe area, bought before bombing began, and you're a good business man.—W. J. Rundle, Hayman Road, Minehead, Som.

* * *

8,000 people a week attend local bi-weekly greyhound meetings. There are nine races per meeting. Allowing spectators four wagers each, they use 32,000 slips of fine, smooth cardboard per week. You see them trodden into the dirt.—David T. Anthony, Caryl Terrace, Plasmarl, Swansea.

* * *

Speaking for other JOHN BULL readers as well as myself, I can safely say: We don't care a hang what price *our* paper is, because we shall still buy it and read it and follow its advice with supreme thankfulness. Non-regular readers, please note!—J. E. Kitson, Sneyd Green, Stoke-on-Trent.

Cheer up and Smile

Keep smiling, even if you're running risks. But don't run risks with that precious Odol Smile. Don't take chances with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whiteness. They wear away the thin enamel coating which alone prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 10½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½ Solid Dentifrice, 7½. Including Purchase Tax.

Smile!

"Walters" "Palm" Toffee

RATIONED

In QUANTITY... but not QUALITY

DELIGHTS · STRENGTHENS · SUSTAINS

GOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

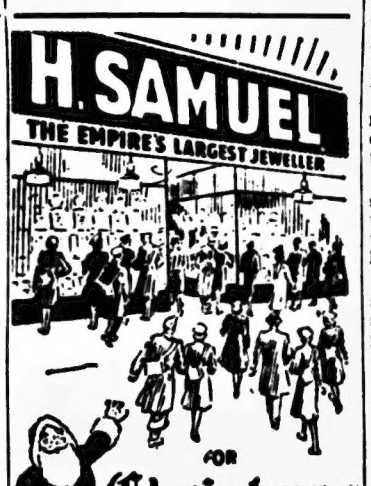
BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

Why not Keep **SLENDER** and Attractive

If you would be healthy and attractively slender you can't do better than follow the golden rule of Bile Beans at bedtime. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue; thus clearing the skin, improving your figure and making you healthy and vital.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS



H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER

FOR **Christmas Gifts** THAT LAST!

This year, however, due to wartime restrictions and the fact that many of my craftsmen are on urgent Government work, the selection is not so brilliant as you and I would wish! But though the *quantity* is limited, **H. Samuel still offers you unrivalled quality and value!**

NOTE EARLIER CLOSING

4 o'clock on Weekdays
12 o'clock Midday on SATURDAYS
ALL DAY on Early Closing Days

H. SAMUEL

THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER

99 FINE JEWEL SHOPS

Headquarters Market Street, Manchester 1

THE LAST LAUGH

HARRY (Neath).—"I went into a shop to buy a woollen scarf. They asked 12s. 6d. Fancy that price for a scarf. I could buy a pair of trousers for less than that." But you'd look funny walking about with a pair of trousers round your neck.

R. W. (Sevenoaks).—"I believe in persevering. You can do anything if you only try long enough." What about picking up quicksilver with a boxing glove on?

H. K. (Beccles).—"We have coupons for this and coupons for that. What on earth shall we have coupons for next?" Coupons, perhaps.

J. A. (New Brighton).—"A friend of mine has got an awful mongrel of a dog, and he calls it 'Churchill.' I think that's a great insult to our Prime Minister. He ought to call it 'Hitler.'" And that would be an insult to the dog.

N. D. (Byker).—"At one time there were plenty of cheap bazaars where you could get anything for a penny. What can one get for a penny now?" Two halfpennies.

B. Y. (Uttoxeter).—"After working as a waiter for several years, I saved up enough money to open a restaurant and burnt my fingers." Testing the soup?

AMERICAN (London, W.1).—"I am puzzled by the many tube exits." We have a similar experience every morning when using the toothpaste

F. K. (Leeds).—"Italians are forbidden to use fuel to heat water for hot-water bottles and are advised to wear warm bed socks." This is a tacit admission that speeches by the Duce are no longer regarded as a cure for Italian cold feet.

M. L. (Bradford). —"Women referees are suggested." What a chance for a husband to hide in the crowd and heckle!

V. B. (Elstree).—"He's such a swanker that he won't join us in the bar of the local." Perhaps he would drop in if you played shove half-crown.

C. L. (Godalming).—"As an actor I always try to get into the skin of a part." Which end of the pantomime horse are you playing this year?

E. D. (Cambridge).—"I bought my wife a large bunch of flowers, a box of chocolates and some lovely apples." What a dreadful quarrel you must have had.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! Wouldn't you be better in a convoy?"

Mrs. S. (Framlingham).—"My husband is a wood carver and produces some very fantastic and grotesque pieces." Better not let him carve the Christmas turkey.

Miss N. (Morley).—"The best years of a woman's life are those between twenty-five and thirty." That's right. All ten of them.

T. W. (Todmorden).—"After all, if you give a man a pint of beer after a few hours' work, what more can he want?" Another pint.

J. L. (Edinburgh).—"If you ever come up here to see the sights, I shall be glad if you will give me a call." Why, are you so funny-looking as all that?

W. L. H. (Morden).—"How fast can the average man run when attired in his ordinary business suit?" Just a little slower than the bus he is trying to catch.

D. P. (Haywards Heath).—"In one English city I recently noticed that the public clocks were all telling different times and weathercocks were pointing in different directions." Our preparations to puzzle possible invaders show no signs of slackening.

A. B. (Clapham).—"I once wrote a play and at the end of the performance one man stood up in the stalls and cheered." A hopeful creditor of yours?

Side-Slips

GLOSSOP ADVERTISER: — "At Chapel Police CHURCH J. D. S. was fined £5."

HERTS ADVERTISER AND ST. ALBANS TIMES:—"He joined the Army when a BOY of sixteen."

CROYDON ADVERTISER:—"It was further stated that this staff is working from 9 a.m.-2 p.m., and that they are then entitled to a three YEARS' break—until 5 p.m."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Rita's father served throughout the last war. He was discharged from the Army through heart trouble, and received a small pension for a few years.

James McDonald works when he is well enough to do so, but the heart trouble is recurrent and prevents him from holding any job permanently.

His wife has poor health, and is permanently crippled by the loss of one leg. Her troubles have been further increased by Rita's serious illness.

Owing to her husband being out of work so much, a summons has been issued for rent arrears, and unless these are paid the landlord threatens ejectment of Mr. McDonald and his wife and children.

Help is urgently needed to enable them to keep a roof over their heads and to buy coals and food.

Will you please send what you can to help this unfortunate family? Donations earmarked "Rita," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application.

We are grateful to readers who send donations anonymously.

Result of "BULLETS" 1,299

FIRST PRIZE £50.

Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 76, Healey Wood Rd., Burnley, Lancs.
Example: OUT OF THE BLUE
Bullet: JACK AFFABS—"JACKAL" DISAFFABS!

£20: E. S. Owen, 2, Lock Cottages, Eastham, Wirral, Ches.
Example: Narrow Squeak
Bullet: We're "Wider" For Dunkirk.

£10: H. J. Board, c/o 75, Muller Rd., Horfield, Bristol.
Example: Worrying
Bullet: Worrying—Who Is!

£5: Miss R. Grainger, 144, Wilmer Road, Heaton, Bradford.
Worrying—"Winnie," That Binny "Minnie."

£4: E. Liversidge, 25, Southgate, Barnsley, Yorks.
Mad Dog of Europe—"Ellie" Menacing Every "Field."

£3: G. M. Martyn, c/o T. S. Harris & Co., Ltd., 4, Lloyds Avenue, E.C.3.
Saving The Way—To Slavery, Another "Lincoln."

£2: E. Beaurepaire, 62, Fernbourne Road, S.W.17.
No Good,—Compliments—Stalin Wants Implements.

10s.: E. G. Evans, 42, Shaftesbury Rd., Weston-super-Mare.
Mad Dog Of Europe—Raising Wounded Paw—Snarls!

20s.: A. Derbyshire, 16, Gowsys Crescent, Heron Cross, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent.
Man Without A Will—"I Will!" Left Hospock.

20s.: E. A. Purcell, 5, Dagmar Rd., Victoria Park, Dorchester, Dorset.
Out Of The Question—Wife, Out Of Questions!

27s.: C. H. Warner, 20, Scots Lane, Coventry.
Grandpa's A Warden, So—Whistle Went—Tooth Followed!

30s.: W. J. Champion, 18, Dunstan Close, Worthing.
Out Of The Frying-pan—Tenderly, Reverently, Lifting Her!

Xmas Dinner Award with 3 Chief Prizes above.

A list of 3 Winners of 20s. and 50 Winners of Xmas Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

57 XMAS PRIZES

WON IN XWORD No. 251

WINNING WORDS:—1. Sob. 2. Rest. 3. Saint. 4. Crash. 5. Pin. 6. Fill. 7. Ship. 8. Rinks. 9. Lost. 10. Point. 11. Case. Zone or Pane. 12. Fox. 13. Agent. 14. Food or Feet.

SIX HIGH SHARERS: G. Ash, Coal Exchange, Lower Quay, Fareham, Hants: J. S. Crash, The Bungalow, Drumbuoy, Inverness; J. Gent, 27, Island Rise, Fishbourne, Sussex; Miss Hardwick, 9, Billings Place, London, S.W.10; H. Lister, Jnr., 94, Kershaw Road, Liverpool 5; Mrs. H. E. Todd, Ravenscote, Lyme Regis, Dorset.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 51 entrants. In addition Xmas Pudding goes to each prize-winner in this Contest.

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE OVER £350

Your MILK

The normal winter fall in milk production has taken place and in order to secure supplies of milk to those who need it most, it is necessary for the rest of us to make do with less. No one will grudge first share to the mothers, children and invalids. After their need has been supplied, other consumers will receive not more than 2 pints per week of liquid milk. In some parts of the country even this quantity may not always be available. Your dairyman will be able to sell you some unsweetened condensed milk to help out.

▶ If you hold a medical or other certificate entitling you to obtain extra supplies, your dairyman will know about it from the Food Office.

▶ If you feel you need advice, your Food Office will do all they can to help you.

HOW TO GET THE SUPPLIES DUE TO YOU:

If you are (or have in your care):	All you have to do is:	And your dairyman will allow you every week:
An expectant mother.	Get a certificate from your doctor, a midwife or a health visitor. Your Food Office will do the rest.	7 pints.
The holder of a child's ration book.	Show the ration book (RB 2) to your dairyman.	7 pints.
An infant between 1 and 12 months old (bottle-fed on cow's milk).	Fill in the application form obtainable from the Food Office.	An additional 7 pints.
A young person under 18 years old (but over 6).	Show the ration book (RB 1) in which your age should be stated) to your dairyman.	3½ pints.
An invalid suffering from one of certain specified complaints.	Get a certificate from your doctor; your Food Office will do the rest.	What the doctor prescribes.
Any other person over 18 years old.	You, as well as the priority consumers mentioned above, should have registered with your dairyman.	Your share of his remaining supplies, but not more than 2 pints a week, and some unsweetened condensed milk.

▶ When you go away, don't forget to show both your emergency card and your ration book (as well as any other document issued to you by the Food Office) to a dairyman in the new locality—these will indicate how much milk he may supply to you.

▶ Except in the case of infants under 12 months the quantities shown in the above table are not additional to supplies obtained under the National Milk Scheme. If you hold a permit under the National Milk Scheme, the persons covered by it should be registered with one dairyman. You should hand the permit to this dairyman.

Food Facts No. 70. *Issued by The Ministry of Food, London, W.1.*

JOHN BULL'S Xmas Gift Offer

FREE

6/- GIFT VOUCHER

"John Bull" invites you to accept a Free Christmas Gift Voucher — value 6s.— which will be accepted as cash in part payment of the beautiful 12s. 6d. Writing Set DE LUXE pictured below.

The Lever Self-filling Pen has a 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, tipped with costly Iridium, and is embellished with an 18ct. R.G. Band. The Everpointed Pencil is fitted with a propel-repel movement.

A limited number only available!

Post coupon and Free Gift Voucher at once

Written 5-YEAR GUARANTEE with Pen SET
Olympian
GIFT VOUCHER Accepted as 6/- cash in part payment of a famous "John Bull" Writing Set DE LUXE. Only one voucher will be accepted in payment of any pen.
6/-
POST AT ONCE

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS GIFT COUPON

TO "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., 12a LONG ACRE, LONDON W.C.2.

I enclose Gift Voucher value 6s., which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12s. 6d. Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 6s. 6d. plus 6d. for postage and insurance, making 7s. in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD. (Cross on grades of nib NOT required.)

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

Cross Postal Order /5 Or. / and make payable to "John Bull." 6/12/41

WIN A CHEQUE and PLUM PUDDING!

PLUM PUDDINGS FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE!

£100 CASH 1st PRIZE £25 VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

For result of Xword No. 251, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5p	5p	5p
1 SOME PEOPLE HAVE LITTLE TIME FOR SUCH A MUSICAL ITEM	ONG			
2 A GIRL LOOKS MUCH BRIGHTER IF SHE HAS ONE	BEA			
3 POSTMAN'S MAY WELL BE INCREASED BY RAISE	AG			
4 IT'S SERIOUS WHEN PARENTAL AUTHORITY'S THIS BY SMALL CHILD.	DE IED			
5 HEAVY ONE HAS DEPRESSING EFFECT ON MOST MEN	D ET			
6 OH OLD-TIME FESTIVAL DAYS SOMETIMES CAUSED LIVELINESS IN CROWD	BE R			
7 CAN EASILY BE DETECTED IN STRONG BEAM OF LIGHT	MOT			
8 SOME OF THESE ARE QUITE DEAD IN WINTER MONTHS	S AS			
9 SINGERS ACTOR WON'T PAY TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO	BO			
10 IF REPLY TO HECKLER'S THIS, MOST OF AUDIENCE MAY THINK IT RUDE	S ORT			
11 PRESENCE OF GOOD ONE WILL CERTAINLY BE OF VALUE TO CLUB TEAM	MI ER			
12 SIZE OF THIS DEPENDS ON NATURE OF WORK IT IS INTENDED TO PERFORM	ANK			
13 DISCOVERY OF THIS MAY HELP TO STOP BLACK MARKET RACKETEERING	BA E			
14 SOME PEOPLE WILL FEEL UPSET IF THEY'VE LOT OF THIS ON XMAS-DAY	ORK			

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 15.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including cost of "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value.... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 255)

—CUT ROUND THIS LINE—

ADDRESS ENTRY RULES With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated January 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

CASH NEW PRIZES FAMILY CAKES!

£75 £50 CASH plus £20 CASH plus £10 CASH plus HAMPER of Seasonable LUXURIES

OTHER AWARDS £5 £4 £3 £2 50 FINE FRUIT CAKES

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES" TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

BRITAIN'S WORKERS
IN THE AXIS CAMP
OLD WAR-HORSE
NOT WANTED
SINCE WAR BEGAN
TERRIBLE FROST
PLUCKY
HE RISKED IT AND
STOPPED THE ROT
MIGHTY TASK
BEGINNING TO SHOW
IN THE LONG RUN
GENERAL CONSTERNATION

SHOWS HE'S A LIAR
SCRAP IRON
UPS AND DOWNS
IN SPITE OF ALL
HUMBUG
TO MAKE GOOD
IGNORANCE IS BLISS, SO

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

TO DEFEAT.....
SOMEWHERE IN.....
TURNING TO.....
GIVING US.....
TOO GOOD TO.....
GETTING ROUND THE.....

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,299 appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

TWO FREE EFFORTS may be entered with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon, including cost of "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

Signed .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,303 Closing Postmark MON., DEC. 15

Address .....

—CUT ROUND THIS LINE—

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,303—or Xword No. 255, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

SHARP'S THE WORD!
IN THE POLICE FORCE WE SAY
MOVE ALONG!!
Whichever way you say it, the fact is we are all "All Out" for Victory. Enjoy Sharp's Toffee while you are working, and even if you can't get any for the moment, keep working. Remember, Sharp's the word for Victory, and Sharp's the Toffee too.
"Eaton" Toffee 5d. per qtr. lb.
Sharp's

Quick relief for chapped sore hands—chilblains too!

The pain of raw, chapped hands, the agony of cracked heels, the maddening irritation of chilblained fingers and toes—there is no need to suffer them a minute longer. All these discomforts vanish at the touch of SNOWFIRE Healing Tablet. Try it once—you will never afterwards be without it.

Snowfire Healing Tablets: costs so little—does so much. Get yours today!

Still in the picture

Nowadays although you may not be able to get Selo Films quite as readily as in normal times, they are still available to the public. Selo Films, as you know, are unsurpassed for results — so they are worth hunting for!

And when Ilford Limited can again devote all its energies to your needs, British Made Selo films and other Ilford photographic products will once more be obtainable everywhere, and will be found, as before, the best in the world.

SELO *films*

All available supplies of Ilford and Selo materials are distributed through the regular Trade channels. Amateur photographers cannot be supplied direct.

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED, MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF SENSITISED PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS. ILFORD, LONDON.

Said Private Smart, "In boots so bright
The lads on parade are a wonderful sight."
Said Private Bright, "Deny it who can—
The brighter his boots, the smarter the man."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Makes a smart soldier smarter.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London W.4.

(W/UY/-

Fred was once a sad old party Now he's happy, hale and hearty

(Based on a letter recently received)

Fred's an old windjammer sailor who rounded the Horn in the early eighties. He's over 70 now. "Some time ago" he writes, "I had a breakdown, suffered from indigestion and lost all interest in life. I took gallons of medicine and tried other remedies, but it was of no avail."

"It was not until I tried IRON 'JELLOIDS'" he says, "that I got any relief. I now enjoy the best of health, can eat anything and no stomach pains after meals. I thank IRON 'JELLOIDS' for my good health and recommend them wherever I go."

Don't imagine that only young people are liable to *iron-starvation*. Older people, whose blood is getting thin, are often in urgent need of iron to reinvigorate their blood and tone up the system generally. As IRON 'JELLOIDS' put new energy into the bodily functions, appetite revives, digestion improves, and interest in life reawakens. *Start taking* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal* and you'll soon find there's life in the old dog yet! You'll begin to feel better every day, in every way.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2 For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine).

make you feel better every day, in every way

Of all chemists and stores: 1/4 *(incl. Purchase Tax)*

Send postcard for FREE BOOK entitled "Iron-starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better than any Beauty Treatment — The Iron-starved Man — The Iron-starved Child — etc. Address your postcard to The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., (Dept. J126), Watford, Herts.

The word 'Jelloids' is a regd. trade mark

WARTIME GUIDE FOR

BATTERY USERS

THE LISTENER

NEVER allow your radio to play too loudly. Remember that your neighbours may be on war work and will want to sleep in the day during periods of night work. Be careful to see that your radio is switched off when you go out of the room — the illuminated dial seen through uncurtained windows may cause a blackout offence. Above all, never leave the set switched on all night after the station has closed down.

★ *Please spare your radio battery as much as possible — take even greater care of it. You will thus relieve pressure on a busy, vital industry.*

Exide

BATTERIES

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LTD., GROSVENOR GARDENS HOUSE, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

WMSC 44/41

Dr Carrot: protective specialist

"Vitamin A keeps illness at bay — and I'm the Vitamin A specialist," says Dr. Carrot.

An overcoat isn't enough to protect you from winter ills: you must also have plenty of protective Vitamin A in your diet. This you can get from carrots, one of the richest sources of this vitamin. Thanks to the British farmer, there's a grand crop for this winter.

Watch these carrot recipes — and feed well!

Golden Barley Soup

Grate or mince 2 lbs. carrots, put with 1 small teacupful barley into 1 quart water and simmer for 2½ hours, when the barley should be jellified and the carrots quite tender. Roll a piece of margarine the size of a walnut in 1 tablespoonful flour, and stir into the soup. Cook fast for 5 minutes. Season with pepper and salt. A recipe that has been tested, tasted, and found good!

C2

Don't 'roar' the fuel away

Get the most out of your boiler. Understand it. You'll be surprised how much less fuel you really need. The fuel you save will go to make more tanks, more ships, more planes for our own needs — *and* to give maximum aid to Russia.

ECONOMISE IN EVERY WAY YOU CAN

Here are some examples:

Use the hot water boiler or radiator only on days when they're really required

Wrap up hot water pipes and tanks to retain heat

It is more economical to heat water gradually than to rush up the temperature with a fierce fire

Use less hot water for baths, washing-up and cleaning — never wash under a running tap

Call at your Coal Office or Gas or Electricity Showroom for advice and leaflets on how to economise.

Save FUEL for the factories

All Fuels are equally important

COAL • COKE • GAS • ELECTRICITY • FUEL OIL • PARAFFIN

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